THE Country-Wake:

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

NEW THEATRE

IN

Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields

BY

His Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mr. THO. DOGGET, *Comedian.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Sam. Briscoe* at the Corner of *Charles-Street*, in *Russel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*; Sold by *R. Wellington*, at the *Lute* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard; *R. Parker* at the *Royal-Exchange*. 1696.

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☞ There is in the Press and will be speedily Publish'd, *Mr. Dennis's* Miscellany of Poems, with several Select Translations from the Ancient Poets: Also, The Passion of *Bibblis*, Translated into English, By Mr. *Dennis*. &c.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir Thomas Teſtie,	Mr. *Underhill.*
Woodvill,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Friendly,	Mr. *Kenneſton.*
Old Hob,	Mr. *Treſſe.*
Young Hob,	Mr. *Dogget.*

WOMEN.

Lady Teſtie,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Flora,	Mrs. *Brategirdle.*
Lucia,	Mrs. *Bowman.*
Betty,	Mrs. *Lee.*

Clowns, Servants, &c.

SCENE, *Gloceſter.*

TO

TO THE

Illustrious and Truly Noble

Prince JAMES,

Duke, Marquess, and Earl of Ormond *in* England *and* Ireland; *Earl of* Ossory, *and Viscount* Thurles; *Baron of* Arclo; *Lord of the Regalities and Liberties of the County of* Tipperary; *Baron of* Lanthony; *Earl of* Brecknock; *Chandellor of the University of* Oxford, *One of the Lords of the Bed-Chamber to His Sacred Majesty, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter; and One of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.*

May it please your Grace,

I Know what I ought to expect from this Presumption, but the assurance I had of your Graces Goodness to forgive me, made me suffer my Inclinations to get the better of me, and beseech your Protection for this poor Play, that has but little else to recommend it to the World, the satisfaction I had to see the little Success it undeservedly met with from the Town, gave me not so great pleasure as I

hav-

have to see your Graces Name fix'd to the Dedication; not that I Pride my Self upon any imaginary Desert; but the occasion it gives me of doing the Duty of an *Englishman*, from whom all that's due to the Preserver of his Country, shou'd be paid to your Grace; this, I confess, ought to be my Task, I own my Obligation, tho' I cannot pay it, nor am I much concern'd at it, since a better Pen than mine will find it a Duty too difficult to be Just in; and the generality of Mankind, I'm sure, will think me in the right, not to prophane your Noble Character, by endeavouring to describe it, which wou'd betray my Ignorance, more than the Publishing this piece of Folly will do, which cost me more Time (and Trouble) to get Acted, than did to Write it except one Act of it, which I wrote three Years ago,) As for its Faults, one of them is, I hear, that it is Obscene, I'm sorry it shou'd appear so, I'm sure I never design'd it, and I believe it will

be

be hard to find a Comedy with leſs in it; thoſe that have the cleareſt Reputation, have more Reaſon to bluſh for that Sin, than this has; I own there's a ſcarcity of that which ſome call Wit, and what many Authors in this Age run mad after, endeavouring to produce it out of every bodys Mouth, whether it belongs to their Character or no, ſtill loſing the Man to goe out of the way for a Jeſt; 'tis what I ſhall never labour for, (either in Writing, if I were capable, or Acting;) for he that will make Nature his Study, will find more Charms in it, and a more certain way to Applauſe, than can be produc'd from any abortive Conceit, which at beſt, can but repay him with a loud Laughter from the Multitude, who ſhou'd be pleas'd, I own, but not at the expence of the Author, or the Actors Reputation, nor the Diſpleaſure of the Judicious, who I hope will not condemn this Play from the appearance it had upon the Stage, where it ſuf-

fer'd

fer'd in the Acting. By the Industrious Care of whom, was so visible to the Audience, I shall spare any further Reflexion at this time, which could chiefly be spent in begging your Grace's Pardon, for presuming so unworthily to write my self,

Your Grace's most Humble,

Faithful and Obedient Servant,

THO. DOGGET.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *BARRY.*

NEW Plays as well as Guineas fall of late,
Like Addle Plotters hurried to their Fate,
And yet our Ben *won'd needs be Plotting too,*
But only Plotted for himſelf and you;
But yet I fear he will not pleaſe to day,
Alas! 'tis a meer out-of-faſhion Play;
No Bawdy in't to make the Ladies Glow,
Nay, what is worſe, the Play's without a Beau;
No Chit-Chat Repartee, nor Raillery,
Such as Masks ſell Sins within the Gallery;
Stuff learnt by Rote, paſs with you for Sence,
Brought here by Wits, and by Fools carry'd hence,
Nay, he has to day, ſpar'd min' honeſt Citt,
Who's Holiday Halfe Crown ſeats him th' Pit,
And Laughs when he's abus'd, becauſe 'tis Wit;
Thus all he doe's but Politickly ſpare,
He fears to Bite, yet hardly can forbear,
The Poet won'd be at you, if he might,
Did not the Player deter him from the Fight;
He Draws on your ſide, Swears you ſhall not frown,
The Comick Vein ſhall keep the Cynick down,
'Twixt you and him no Quarrel yet has been
If now he errs, he'll freely own his Sin;
Nay, what's more ſtrange, he will repent on't too,
But not as other wretched Scriblers do:
Attempt to mend, yet trouble ſtill the Age,
Confirm them Blockheads, and Confound the Stage.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

THE Careful Pilot, when he Views the Shelf
Where others have been loſt, ſecures himſelf;
The Cautious Robber from that road abſtains,
Where his unlucky Comrade hangs in Chains;
Thus all, except the Brothers of the Quill,
Take Early Warning by another's ill.
Writing's the Fatal Rock, on which has ſplit
Many a Stout, and well-built Man of Wit;
And yet there's not a Sculler but ſhall Dare
To venture his weak, rotten Cock-boat there,
Bleſs me! What Wits might ſome Men be to th' Sight;
Wou'd they be rul'd, and neither Talk, nor Write;
For here's the Miſchief of the Poet's trade;
He muſt be born a Wit, as well as made;
A Native, inbred ſpark of Heavenly heat,
In ev'ry Vein, in ev'ry Pulſe muſt beat:
Nor will indifferent Writing do the feat,
For Poetry allows no Middle State,
No ſo-ſo Plays will do, no pretty well,
You fail if you but Moderately excell;
It muſt be Heaven all, or elſe 'tis Hell.
'Criticks are Heralds, that deny one blot
To be of Honour in a Poet's Coat:
'Tis time and labour thrown away in all,
But they that do perceive an inward Call;
And by the Orthodox none ought to be
Admitted to this Sacred Miniſtry,
Leſs then a Dryden, Congreve, Wycherly.
Theſe Matters running in our Author's head,
He vows to me have almoſt made him Mad;
To know ſo well the Strictneſs of the Rule,
And yet to write; Incorrigible Fool!
Yonder he ſtands in Sad and Doleful Caſe,
Waiting the Judgment you ſhall pleaſe to paſs;
I ſee he beckons to me, to intreat
That you'd be Merciful *as you are* Great:
Almighty Criticks, you his Judges ſit;
If you conſent he ſhall ſet up a Wit,
He ſwears he wont be prouder for't a Bit.

A Country-Wake.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Friendly *and Servant.*

Serv. SIR, Here's a Letter for you.

Friend. A Letter, Let me see it. (*Reads.*

Dear Frank, *I arriv'd this Day at* London, *and to Morrow, purpose for* Gloucester: *whence, if after Three Years Travels, I can find my Friend what I left him; I cannot think my Self Unhappy, how Unfortunate soever I may seem to the World.*

Woodvill.

Friend. Ned, it were in my Power to make thee as happy, as it was in thy Father's to make thee miserable; thou should'st find a better Welcome here from thy Friend, then thou wilt from a Dead Sire, and departed *Acres*, Sirrah, go to Sir *Thomas Testies*, and see if he's

at home, and at leisure to receive an Hours Conversation.

Serv. Yes Sir.

Enter Woodvill.

Wood. Franck Friendly.

Friend. Ned Woodvill.

Wood. What Acknowledgments shall I make my Stars for letting me live to see once more, the Man that's nearest to my Heart?

Friend. There let me grow; till want of Friendship makes me unworthy of the Place——I was just now Reading your Letter, and by that, did not expect to see you these two Days; How came you so soon?

Wood. I design'd to come in the Stage-Coach, but finding no other Company but an old talkative Woman, and two over-grown Boys, I chose rather than be coop'd up with Old Age and Ignorance, to ride Post, and run the hazard of breaking my Neck upon Hackney Jades: that have, I think, disjointed every Limb of me.

Friend. I wish *Ned* after the fatigue of thy Journey, I cou'd Entertain thee with something wou'd divert thy present pain, and prove a Cordial for the future; for the News I have to tell thee, I fear will disorder thy whole Frame, and make thy Mind as distemper'd as thy Body.

Wood. Say'st thee so, prithee out with it at once; for I am Arm'd against the worst that can befall me; my Life, which is the last and only thing Fate can now take from me; I see in no Danger, as for any other misfortune, there can come none so great as what is past.

Friend. I know not what you have met with abroad; but the greatest you are to expect here, is the News of your Father's Death, who departed a Fortnight since; but before he left the World, took care to make you a younger Brother to his Extravagancy, which has left you ne'r a Groat, for he play'd the last Game with the last Stake, and Died, leaving hardly enough to Bury him.

Wood.

Wood. This I heard at *London*, and expected it long before: for when he sent me abroad, it was only that I might not be a Curb to his Will, which was as unbounded as his Lusts, that wou'd be obey'd in all those Vices his younger Years ought to have been asham'd of; but the Age we live in is so perverted, that Old Men pursue the Vanities of Youth (taking up the Cudgels they lay down) and fumble with those Debauches, young Men grow weary of.

Friend. Thou say'st true, *Ned*; but I wish thou hadst not experienc'd it so much at thy own Cost.

Wood. So do I *Frank*; but since it was in my Power to prevent it, it shall not now be my fault to repine at it; the Old Gentleman cou'd not 'a chosen abetter time to put me to my Shifts, since the War gives me so Glorious an opportunity to try what Fortune has in store for me.

Friend. Fortune! Prithee what canst thou hope from Fortune, with Bullets flying about thy Ears, that cou'd Buffet thee so unmercifully in the time of Peace; Had'st thou a Friend indeed who had Interest to get thee a Commission, that had Authority in it to keep thee out of Harms way, thou might'st hope as much as another Man; But as thou hast nothing to prefer thee, but a comely Figure of Six Foot high, thou oughtst to look for nothing more, then after the first Volley, to chance on a clean place to measure thy Length on, without spoiling thy Cloaths.

Wood. Prithee *Frank*, What Commands are those that have Power to awe a Bullet, for till now, I never heard a Cannon made any distinction.

Friend. True *Ned*, if we come in their way; but I've known some Men, whose Actions were above being question'd, step aside when Danger fac'd 'em, but if their Enemies (meeting with the worst of it) have been forc'd to turn their Backs, have fall'n in like Lions, to scramble for Honour, and come home laden with as much as he that deserv'd most.

Wood. I must confess we have too frequent Examples

of this kind; however it shall not keep me from doing my best to serve my Country, nor make me despair of Success.

Friend. You do well to hope the best; it doubles our misfortunes to afflict our Selves with the Apprehension of 'em; which sometimes make 'em look more dreadful than they are in themselves.

Wood. That will never be my fault, for disappointments are so frequent with me, that I shou'd look for nothing else, did I not believe all things must have an end, one time or other.

Enter Servant.

How now, Did not I send you to Sir *Thomas Testies*?

Serv. Sir, I was going as you commanded me; and met his Man by the way, coming with a Message to you, and he is now without, waiting to speak with you.

Friend. This Old Knight (*Ned*) was a Citizen of *London*, but being weary of his Vocation, and willing to keep a young Wife to himself, is come to inhabit here, upon an Estate which he has lately purchas'd; part of it was your Fathers: he has one only Daughter by a former Wife, whom Nature has been very bountiful to, she wants no Charm to make her Self Ador'd, and hath found that way to my Heart, which none of her Sex cou'd ever do before. There is a Neece (*Ned*) is equally deserving, and would be equally desirable, did not Love to shew his Power, byass my Affections: Come, thou shalt go with me and see them, if thy Journey has not fatigu'd thee too much.

Wood. Never to hinder me from the Company of a pretty Woman *Frank*; that Temptation is more prevalent with me than any other, Nature can be liable to: But at present I must deny my self that satisfaction; I hear the Post goes hence within these Two Hours, and I have Business obliges me to write by the first opportunity; but let my Man go with you to acquaint my himself with the way; and I will come to you, as soon as I have dispatch'd *Jack*, wait of Mr. *Friendly*, and come back quickly.

Friend. 'Tis very well, Your Servant, Come back.

(*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Room at Sir* T. Testie's.

Enter Sir Thomas Testie *and* Lucia.

Sir *Tho.* Niece, come hither, ——— Come hither, I say, and shut the Door.

Luc. Bless us! What's amiss in the State, that I must be Closeted. ——— The Door is lock'd, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* Very well; Come hither then; ——— Hark'ye, who am I?

Luc. Who are you, Sir!

Sir *Tho.* Ay; whom am I?

Luc. You are my Unkle, Sir, I think.

Sir *Tho.* Am I no more than your Unkle? your Father thought me worthy of a better Title, when he made me your Trustee, and by that means impower'd me to make you a Beggar, had I not been your very good Friend as well. ———

Luc. Sir, you have been more than I cou'd hope for. ——— Nor shall you ever find me wanting in those Acknowledgments your Goodness has oblig'd me to pay you, for your extraordinary Care of me, when I was left young, and unable to take any for my self.

Sir *Tho.* 'Tis very well; Why then, since occasion now presents, wherein you may in some measure requite my Love, and discharge your Duty, I expect you shall be sincere with me, and Answer me directly. ——— When was Mr. *Friendly* last with my Daughter?

Luc. Sir.

Sir *Tho.* I say, When was Mr. *Friendly* last with my Daughter?

Luc. To the best of my Remembrance ——— Sir ——— I won't ——— be positive — but ———

Sir *Tho.* But — No, no, hold ——— hold ——— look d'ye see, If I catch you stumbling, or endeavouring by your Female Devil's Wit at a pinch, to cast a blind upon my Under-

Understanding, I shall conclude you as bad as she, and both alike shall share my Resentment. Therefore come, I say, and Answer directly to the Question, for I will know it, and from you Hussife——You that are her Confident, as you call it,——Her Help-Mate to Iniquity: What, because I am Old, and can't go without a Staff, you think I'm Blind and can't See your Roguery without a pair of Spectacles,—but I have found you out Mistress, I have so.——

Luc. Found us out; I hope, Sir, you don't think that she wou'd Act, or I Assist her, in any thing, that might blame her Conduct to Mr. *Friendly*, who you know to be a worthy Gentleman, and one, I'm sure, I have heard you say, you had rather dispose of her to, then any Gentleman in the Country; and if so, I don't know why I should conceal their being together, since their designs are Honourable.

Sir Tho. How——What—Designs, and Honourable——What——without my Knowledge——without first consulting me——that am her Father——whose sole Right it is to dispose of her Person; and dares he, without my Leave, my Consent to Authorize his Pretensions, make Love to her, under my roof? Were he a Prince, and wou'd Endow her like a Queen, and shou'd but think of such a thing, without my Licence; I won'd Lock her up till the Green-Sickness had made her Eat her passage to him thro' the Wall, tell her so, d'ye hear—— *Exit.*

Luc. Indeed old Gentleman, you wou'd a found neither Locks nor Bolts coud have held her,——Had she not been disoblig'd by his making you acquainted with his Love, for she is such a Friend to Disobedience, that she thought your being privy to the matter, a sufficient Reason to discard him her Favour, so that now I hope you may have a very Dutiful Child of her.

Enter Floria.

Flo. Was not that my Father that parted from you?

Luc.

Luc. It was.

Flo. Was he in Humour?

Luc. Yes, a very Mad one, at the news of your proceedings with Mr. *Friendly*; If you think you shall dye for Love *Florin*, you may prepare your self a Halter, and swing to *Elysium* as soon as you please, for your Father hath forbid the Banes; had he been first acquainted with your Lovers Inclinations, you might have eaten a Sack-Posset after a Matrimonial Grace together, according to Custom; But you are now to be Lock'd up, and feed upon Chaulk and Lime, he says, till you have eaten a Passage to your Spark thrô the Wall.

Flo. I'm glad to find him so resolv'd, I shall now dispose of my self to my own liking; for had he been enclin'd to the Match, I was resolv'd never to see *Friendly* more, for affronting my Love, by seeking me at my Father's Hands, when that had assur'd me to him before.

Luc. Why, Wou'd you not have your Father have a Power in disposing you where he likes best?

Flo. Yes, if he cou'd Command my Love; But since that's decree'd by a higher Power, I must go with my Heart whether he will or no; nor shall he have any Vote where he has no right to give it.

Luc. An excellent Piece of Sophistry to incourage Disobedience.

Flo. You may call it what you please. But in following the dictate of my Passion, I obey the Power that made it; and my Duty towards Heav'n is to be consider'd before that to my Father I take it; I shall therefore Marry without his Leave or Knowledge.

Luc. Why without his Knowledge?

Flo. For the pleasure of what thou call'st Disobedience. Why thou forget'st sure that I am a Woman as thou art; the Sex that first taught it to the World, wou'dst have me degenerate?

Luc. O, by no means, Madam; pray go on, have a care of being unjust to your Self, whatever you do; and for the better incouragement to proceed, Know, your Father

hath

hath sent this day to Mr. *Friendly* to forbid him the House, or approach it at his peril.

Flo. I know it, and by the same Messenger, I bid him meet me to night at the Garden Door; I scorn the Old Gentleman shou'd have the start of me.

Lue. And pray what's the business of your meeting? To contrive how you may run away with him?

Flo. That's as he shall deserve, if he's as fond of the Vagabond Trick as my self, and will be contented to take me for my own sake, without any other Consideration.

Lue. You'll be contented, to pack up your Awls; that is a clean Smock, with a Suit of Night Cloaths thrust into a Band-box, and bid Good-buoy Daddy; Well speed thee well, since thou art resolv'd upon a mad Trick, I think indeed, thou cou'dst not have chosen an honester Fellow to play it with.

Flo. You may call it a mad Trick, but any other had been a foolish one, witness my Mother-in-law, had she been Govern'd by her own Will, my Father had wanted a Comforter in his old Age; and she had been better supply'd with one in her Youth.

Lue. Go, you're naught, I'll talk no more with you. (*Offers to go.*

Ela. Nay, take me with you, for if you leave me here alone, I shall think worse than I talk.

Lue. Come along then, Mad-Cap. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Back Door of a Garden.*

Enter Lady Testie, *and* Betty, *in their Hoods and Scarfs.*

Bet. Good dear Madam, don't afflict your self, since y'are bound to your Misfortune, resolve to endure it, and make your self as easie under it, as you can; your Grief will make you sick in earnest else.

Lady. I wish it cou'd, that I might not be troubl'd to dissemble it; to keep my self from the loath'd Bed of that old

old nauſeous Wretch, my Husband, who not contented to Wed me to his wither'd Carkaſs, has alſo fore'd me from *London* from my Friends, from every thing that might give me Comfort in my Misery, to dwell here in a Country Town, where nothing is to be ſeen but ſuch as himſelf.

Bet. Yes, Madam, here's ſomething better to be ſeen then himſelf; What think you of the Gentleman you ſaw alight yeſterday at the Inn Door, when you ſtood at the Window.

Lady. O don't name him, unleſs thou couldſt give me another ſight of him, and yet I fear if I had my Deſires, 'twou'd ſerve me only to beget another, and another; ſtill ſucceeding, till I had ask'd my Ruine. Did you enquire who he is?

Bet. I did, Madam, but cannot learn; he came from *London*, and 'tis thought by the People of the Houſe, he ſtays for Horſes, to convey him farther.

Lady. Cou'd not ye have contriv'd to have ſpoke to him?

Bet. I cou'd, Madam, had you ſo commanded me; but to what end?

Lady. Nay, I know not, tho I wiſh he knew my Heart, and were inclin'd to take me from my Plague my Huſband, who, I'm reſolv'd never ſhall enjoy me, tho I'm ſure to be the unhappieſt of my Sex.

Bett. 'Tis impoſſible, Madam, I think, for you to hold out much longer; you ha' kept him this Month (e'er ſince you were Married) from your Bed, with the pretence of Sickneſs, he now grows impatient, and begins to believe 'tis deſign'd thro the want of Love.

Lady. I care not what he believes—ha!—Who's that yonder?

Bett. Where, Madam?

Lady. Yonder, coming down the Walk.

Bett. Slife, Madam, 'tis the ſtranger we was talking of.

Lady. Put on your Mask.

Bett. Did not you ſay, you had a mind to ſee him, Madam.

Lady. I have, and ſpeak to him; but he muſt not ſee my Face; but ſee, he makes this way.

Enter Woodvill, *and* Jack *the* Boy.

Wood. Boy, Which is the Houſe?

Jack. Sir, they go in at one of theſe Garden Doors to it; but they are ſo much alike, I can't go directly to it; I'll knock, if you pleaſe, at one of them, and enquire.

Wood. What's here? Women, and Mask'd, I thought Vizards had been of no uſe at night, out of *London*, where they did not ſerve to invite us to a Face that had a mind to be ſeen; *Jack*, when you have found Sir *Thomas Teſties*, wait for me at the end of the Walk.

Jack. Yes Sir —— (*Exit.*

Wood. Ladies, is not the pleaſure of the Walk loſt, without company?

Not to us, Sir; we think Two enough, and are beſt pleas'd when we are by our ſelves.

Wood. If one of you has hid a different Sex under her Petticoat, I cou'd believe you; but Two Women can only talk themſelves into an Imagination of a Pleaſure; they can never produce without the help of one of us.

Lady. Ay; — What's that, Sir, which we of our ſelves are not able to poſſeſs, without your aſſiſtance.

Wood. Lookyee Child, if you have an inclination to be inform'd, leave your Friend and come with me to the other end of the Walk, and I'll ſhew you preſently.

Lady. I do nothing without her, Sir; If you can't inſtruct us both together, we'll not Edifie alone.

Wood Both together; ——— I'll give you leave to ſeem as ignorant as you pleaſe, if you have a mind not to underſtand me; but don't put me upon impoſſibilities; — If you'll retire with me one at a time, I'll promiſe you ſhall be both ſatisfy'd, before I leave you.

Bet. But how ſhall we be ſure you'll keep your Promiſe? Have a care you don't put your ſelf upon impoſſibilities.

Wood.

Wood. 'Egad that's true too; I think I have been a little too forward; but come my Dear, what I want in Power, you shall find I have in Will, therefore don't lose time.

Bett. Who do ye speak to?

Lady. Aye; suppose we had a mind to take you at your word, which of us wou'd you chuse first? for I don't see yet to which you are inclin'd?

Wood. Nay Gad, that I can't tell; unless you agree to pull off your Masks, you keep my Fancy in the dark.

Lady. And 'tis too light I think to shew our Faces, after the liberty we have taken —How, or which way shall I contrive to keep him? If he leaves me now, perhaps I may never see him more; and he has staid too long already, to part with him for ever; think quickly, what shall I do?

Bett. I can't tell how to advise you, Madam, unless you take him this back way into the House with you; when we have him there, we shall have more time to consider what's best to be done.

Wood. Ha! What are they doing, drawing Cuts who shall be first serv'd; Ladies, pray let no Dispute arise between you upon my Account; I'm resolv'd to goe with her that's neareſt my own temper; let the coldest Constitution withdraw, till the other and I have been a little better acquainted, and then ——

Lady. Hold —Hold, Sir —Don't raise you Expectation too high, thô the freedom we have given our selves, may cause a suspicion of our Conduct, you will not find us to be what you imagine.

Wood. I'm sorry for that; Are you what you seem to be, Women?

Lady. Yes, but not fit for your Conversation, for we are Honest, yet were we willing to be otherwise, our Age wou'd want a Charm to provide for us.

Wood. Honest,——and Old——What, do ye study always to my Courage, before I come to ingage———— Ha! —Here's a plump smooth Arm; and your Speech

does not betray any want of Teeth; and so far I'm sure, you are Young enough.

Lady. You'r Ear has deceiv'd you then; for I want all my Teeth but three.

Wood. If you had two less than you have, I'm sure you have a Colt's-tooth, as long as there's a Stump left; therefore that shall be no hindrance. [*Pulling her.*

Lady. Hold, I say, where wou'd you have me?

Wood. Have thee, Child, why to the next Green Bank we come at: 'Tis true, the Place is not so well, as I cou'd wish it; but Love will make hard Shifts.—See your Friend knows your Mind, she keeps her distance.

Lady. Forbear; and if it is in your Power to behave your self like a Gentleman, follow me, and as you shall deserve expect a Return; But first, for your Instruction, know you must put a Constraint upon your temper, and seem Virtuous, which I believe will cost you some pain to do.

Wood. Seem Virtuous? What a Pox do's she mean by Cramping of me?—— Hark'ye Child, do's your Friend use to task her Lovers, as Conjurers do the Devil, with things Impossible.

Bet. Whatever task she designs for you; 'tis such, I believe you'd very willingly go through, if you knew the Reward wou'd follow.

Wood. Say'st thou so; I'gad I'll endeavour to guess, to incourage me.

What'er it is it; it can't but easie prove,
Enjoyn'd by Beauty, and repaid with Love.

Exeunt

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Friendly *and* Floria.

Friend. HOwe'er you'r pleas'd to reproach me, Madam, I beg you'll think better of my Love, than to believe it has a Thought beyond your self: 'Tis true, I ask'd you of your Father; But I ask't nothing else but you, that he might witness for me to the World how much beyond it I preferr'd you.

Flo. Well; I'll not enquire any farther what your Reasons were; but whoever has me must receive me from my own Gift, and consequently without a Portion; for Sir *Thomas* parts with nothing that he can keep to himself; therefore, think before 'tis too late, how Love and Marriage may agree with you, where there is a Fortune wanting to support it.

Friend. I beseech you, Madam, If I am not wholly lost in your Esteem, name it not; I have Estate enough to make us both happy, if Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year, and an Unexhausted stock of Love can do it.

Flo. Well; for once I'll try to believe you; and in the mean time, take this Confession, which I did not design so soon should a spoke my Inclinations, if I am not yours on those Conditions, I here promise never to be anothers.

Friend. O say that again; that the Sound may dwell in my Ears, and the business of my Life shall become my study to repay it.

Enter Maid.

Maid. O Madam, Madam, Sir *Thomas* has been enquiring for you all over the House, and has sent me and the rest of the Servants to look for you.

Flo. Then I must leave you.

Friend. Unhappy Chance! Speak, my Soul, when shall I see you again?

Flo.

Flo. I know not ;—— When next I hear from you, If I can, I'll ſend you, word, till then——

Friend. Ten thouſand Angells dwell with my Love.

Exit Floria.

Enter Jack.

Boy, where's your Maſter?

Jack. I left him here, Sir, when I came to you; and he order'd me to come to him to the end of the Walk, but I can't find him.

Friend. Our ſtaying ſo long, I believe, has tyr'd his Expectation. Come, let's go home. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Thomas Teſtie *and* Betty.

Sir *Tho.* Patience! What do'ſt thou preach Patience to me for, when thou know'ſt I have not ſo much left, as will ſtay the Roaſting of an Egg.

Bet. aſide.) Had you as much as wou'd go to the building of *Paul's*, I'm afraid you wou'd have occaſion for it.

It's very true, indeed, Sir, I muſt needs ſay, but where there's no Remedy, we muſt bear it: Alas! my poor Lady has a double Portion of Sorrow; Firſt from her Sickneſs, and next to be kept from your Embraces, for ſure, Sir, whatever you are pleas'd to think, I'm confident ſhe loves you.

Sir *Tho.* Doſt thou think ſo; I wiſh ſhe'd give me a Reaſon to think ſo, for to me her ſickneſs ſeems Apocryphal; ſhe'll take nothing, though the Doctors and Apothecaries every Day ſend in as many Pots and Glaſſes, as would Kill or Cure a whole Pariſh.

Bet. Alas, Sir, Her weak Stomach loaths every thing that's offer'd her, if it has but the Name of Phyſick.

Sir *Tho.* Why, what's to be done then?

Bet. Sir, She has to day, through my perſuaſion taken a Cordial to ſtrengthen her Stomach; and if to Night

I

I can but get her to uſe ſomething that's prepar'd for her, it will put her kindly to reſt, and make her clear another Woman by the Morning.

Sir *Tho.* Say'ſt a ſo, my Girl; How thou reviv'ſt me What is't? Prithee tell me, what it is?

Bet. That your Worſhip ſhall know time enough; for if it agrees with her, it muſt be your Care hereafter to ſee that ſhe has it often, or it will indanger a Relapſe; In the mean time, Sir, your beſt care will be to Command the Family early to Bed; for if ſhe be diſturb'd in its Operation, it may prove of dangerous Conſequence.

Sir *Tho.* I'll warrant thee, my Girl, not a Dog in the Houſe ſhall dare to wag his Tail after ſhe's in her Chamber; but prithee ſee that ſhe has enough of it; and if ſhe ſhews any diſguſt in the taking of it, bid her think of me, and that for my ſake ſhe muſt be prevail'd upon.

Bet. aſide.) Nay, If ſhe has the Pleaſure (I ſhou'd have) in uſing an Old Man as he deſerves, ſhe'll not forget ye; Though ſhe'll have a ſtronger Motive to think of ſomething elſe, when ſhe's in the Arms of a Young Fellow that ſhe likes. —— Pray leave every thing to my management, and good Sir, be going early to Bed, and pray our Endeavours may proſper.

Sir *Tho.* Pray — Ay, Ay; Thou needs not fear but I'll pray, and I hope my Prayers will be heard, for I am not often troubleſome. *Exit.*

Bet. So—— I hope I've ſecur'd my Ladies pleaſure, without the Fear of being diſturb'd; Now to prepare the matter. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Teſtie, *led in by* Flora *and* Lucia.

Lady. Oh, Oh,——lead me to a Chair; Oh, Oh,—— *Betty*, come hither.

Flo. Will your Ladiſhip be pleas'd to have any thing.

Lady. No, no; Nothing but a little more Air, if you pleaſe. Oh, —Oh, —— where is Sir *Thomas*, I thought I heard him with you, when my Fit took me?

Luc. No, Madam; If you pleaſe we'll ſend for him.

Lady. No, 'tis no matter;—— My Diſtemper is ſuch, it makes me fancy I ſee him oftner than I do. *Luc.*

Luc. I believe you see him oftner then you wish.

Flo. You may be sure of it; Can any Woman look upon a Husband of his Years, without fancying, she's taking leave of the World; were I in [illegible] Condition, 'twou'd make me set the Sexton to Work without the help of a Physician.

Lady. Oh—— Oh——. (*aside to Betty.*) What have you done with the Gentleman?

Bet. I've dispos'd him, Madam, as you bid me; but I fear it will be Impossible to conceal him there till bed time, from every body's knowledge.

Lady. I know it. Sir *Thomas* therefore I design shall see him, and bid him Welcome.

Enter Sir Thomas Testie.

Flo. 'Slife, here comes my Father, *Lucia*! How shall I avoid him?

Luc. The best way as I know, is to take your Heels, *Floria*. [*She's running off.*

Sir *Tho.* How now! What are you scar'd at the sight of me? Come back here Gentlewoman, come back I say, thou Pimple of the Primitive Itch; that like thy Grandmother *Eve*, will eat of no Fruit but what's forbidden thee; Pray, when is it forsooth, that we are to dance at your Wedding, hah?—— Have you got the Man in the Mind yet, you are ready I know, let him come when he dares.

Flo. Sir, I'm never ready to do any thing I ought not to do; If I have receiv'd the Addresses of Mr. *Friendly*, 'twas because I thought I saw nothing in him, that you cou'd disapprove, and his Love and Fortune claim'd that return I but justly made him.

Sir *Tho.* God so, Madam; I beg your Pardon, get you to him then, if you think so; Go, get you gone to him then as fast as you can go; and let the Parson mumble ye together, that you may dance your Matrimonial Jigg without loss of time. Do you long to be Moulding of Cockel-debread, hah; get you out of my sight, Hussey, go; Hold, now I think again, you shall not go, you shall stay here and hang

hang at my Girdle like a Horn-Book, till I have learnt ye through.

Luci. You'd sooner crack your Brains with her, Old Gentleman, that I can tell you.

Sir *Tho.* But here, here is my greatest Grief, all my other Afflictions are doubl'd and treb'l'd in this one, and this will sink me to the Grave; How dost thou my Love? Is there no hopes of Comfort? Must I for ever live without the use of my self; or, like *Tantalus*, have the Meat at my Nose, and yet be forbid to Eat.

Lady. We must endeavour to be satisfy'd my Dear, a little time will, I hope, restore me to my Health; you must needs think it is an equal trouble to us both, tho' my Sex forbids me to express so much of it as you do.

Sir *Tho.* Say't-a-so; then I will be satisfy'd, if thou dost love me, I'll wait with more Patience than a Patriarch for thee.

Bett. You shall not need, Sir, I hope, if my Lady will be but rul'd.

Lady. O my Dear, this importunate Wench wou'd not let me alone, till I had promis'd to take something to night, that she had provided for me; tho I fear the very sight of it will disorder me.

Sir *Tho.* The sight of it; why, what need you look upon it, take it in the dark; and if you can but get it into your Mouth, consider the good it will do you, and I'll warrant you'll get it down, therefore pray take it.

Lady. Why then I will my Dear, since you will have it so, pray come hither and lead me in; but hold, I have something to say to you first; *Betty* has been a very good Girle, and for that reason I will forbear to chide her, for her fault in admitting a Man to my House, with any design, without my Knowledge.

Sir *Tho.* A Man! What dost thou mean, hah? What Man, hah? What Man?

Bett. What Man, Sir——Why——a——

Lady. Hold your Tongue, and don't go about to excuse it.

Bett. With all my Heart; for I'm sure I'm at a loss to justifie it.

Lady. 'Twas a fault, knowing how much Sir *Thomas* and I are your Friends; and wou'd rather promote a a good Husband for you; than be your hindrance.

Bett. Say you say —— Lies the Game there —— (*Aside.*

Lady. This Gentleman, my Dear (for so it seems he is, and the only Son of a very good Family) has fortun'd to fall in Love with this foolish Girl, and comes unknown to them to Court her for a Wife; therefore pray Sir *Thomas*, if you can be any ways assistant in forwarding the matter, do it in consideration of her faithful Service to me.

Sir *Tho.* With all my Heart —— *Betty* —— Let me see him, and his Love shall not want incouragement, and if, my Life, thou dost recover thy Health, I'll make her a Fortune that shall deserve a Gentleman.

Lady. Go *Betty*, bring him hither —— (*Aside.*) —— and be sure you caution him how to behave himself, but keep him still, in ignorance of us and our purpose.

Betty. I will, Madam. —— (*Exit.*

Flo. What a dear Friend Dissimulation is to a Woman, how many mouldy Kisses has it sav'd my Mother-in-law, from my Fathers old brush Beard. (*Aside to* Lucia.

Luc. Why, d'ye think she dissembles?

Flo. Aye, as sure as thou do'st, when you cry you'll never Marry, and had rather have me for a Bed-fellow, than a Man.

(Betty *goes to her Lady, and whispers.*

Enter Woodvill *and* Betty.

Wood. 'Tis well they have taken pity of me, and suffer'd me to breath in a larger Room; I wish they may have Charity to reward my Sufferings, for I have been thrust into such a hole, that no body but a Beau, who fear'd being drub'd for Cuckoldom, cou'd a hid himself in it.

Lady. How! Not speak to him, say you?

Bett. I cou'd not, 'twas impossible, Madam.

Sir *Tho.* Odds so, a very handsome young Fellow; Sir, your Servant, y'are welcome, very welcome; and had I seen you before, and known your intent of coming hi-

ther,

ther, your Reception shou'd not a been conceal'd, what ever your Love was.

Wood. (*Aside*) Reception and Love, What a Pox does the Old Fellow mean, my Fairy Mistress, I pickt up by Moon-shine, has not brought me here, sure, to make a Jest of me; (*Looking on* Floria *and* Lucia.) Ha! there they are, by this light, a Couple of pretty Creatures; Now wou'd I part with any thing but my Manhood to know which of 'em I'm first to have a Fall with; for by their Discourse, I found they had both a mind to try my strength.

Luc. I perceive by the Lovers Silence, my Unkle has put him out of Countenance.

Flo. He looks like a likely Fellow; if he does not want a Tongue, *Betty* has made a good choice.

Sir *Tho.* Come, Sir, you seem surpriz'd that I'm privy to this matter; don't fear, I'm a Friend to her you love, and for her sake will assist you in this Business, farther than you imagine.

Wood. (*Aside.*) Egad, may be so, and perhaps farther than I desire; I Thank you, Sir, But however you came by your Knowledge, if she that brought me here, had been as wise as she ought to be, she had known you were no more fit to be acquainted with my Business, than you are to do it.

Sir *Tho.* Say you so, Sir; perhaps I mistake your Business, I thought 'twas Honourable, 'twas so represented to me; Sir, if it is otherwise, there's the Door, 'tis as wide as 'twas when you came in, you shall have no Coupling here, if you come not I'God's name.

Wood. (*Aside.*) What does the old Blade mean, and who a-Plague does he take me for?

Bett. (*Aside to* Wood.) Sir, as you hope to have a happy end of this Adventure, Humour my Master's mistake, and seem to be what he'd have you.

Wood. What, he'd have me — What's that — I — I — (*Looking on the Maid, and sometimes on Sir* Thomas.) ask your pardon — Sir, — if I've been unmannerly — I thought my Design had been conceal'd, but since it has come to your Knowledge, I hope you'll be my Friend as

you've promis'd, for there is but few I care to trust with a Secret of this Nature.

Sir *Tho.* The fewer the better; what need any body know of it, but we that are present; but to prevent what may happen if they shou'd let us come to a conclusion, What say you, will you to Bed together presently?

Wood. With all my Heart, Sir, this Minute if you please. (*Aside.*) I Gad this will be rare; I wish I knew how these witty Rogues have plotted to gain the Old Man's helping Hand, to the Friendly Office of Pimping for me. But I find my Business is not to be inquisitive; I'm only to suffer my self to be led to the Feast, and when every thing is prepar'd, then fall to.

Sir *Tho.* Hold your Tongue, Huzzy, and say no more; it shall be as I'de have it —— —— (*Aside to* Betty.

Lady. Indeed my Dear I think she's in the right, so suddain, and at this time of Night; it will not be decent.

Sir *Tho.* Decent; Fiddle Faddle; strick while the Iron's hot; many accidents fall between the Cup and the Lip; if she don't know what's good for her self, I do; she'll make me a Curt'sie for it to Morrow Morning, and Thank me; go go, presently to *Amen* the Clerk, and bid him bring Mr. *Small Tythes*, the Vicar.

Wood. The Vicar, Sir.——

Sir *Tho.* Aye? Why?—He'll do it as well as the Parson.

Wood. I Gad, but he shan't, Thank you.

Sir *Tho.* Goe, Goe Girle, make haste, when tis done, 'tis done, you know.

Wood. Aye, and I know any thing the Parson does is not to be undone by any body but the Hangman, and I'm not ready yet for either of their Noozes.

Lady. So, my Spark has made a fine hand on't; he has spoil'd his Part by over acting it. —— —— *Betty*, think of some way as you go along to bring him off again.

Bet. If I shou'd, I fear he'd be gravell'd again, for 'tis impossible he shou'd find his way thus in the Dark.

Wood. Now I think again, Sir —— a —— a —— a—— I must intreat you defer this matter till a Canonical hour; for I'm under an Obligation to a Deceas'd Grand-mother,

not

not to marry out of one; and tho Dead I durst not disobey her Commands.

Sir *Tho.* Why, that's well said; I love thee the better for't: But prithee let it be suddenly.

Wood. The sooner the better, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* What say you, to morrow Morning then.

Wood. With all my Heart.——By that time sure I may hope to be able to expound this Riddle. [*aside.*

Sir *Tho.* Very well. Niece and Daughter, entertain the Gentleman, while I wait on my Wife to her Chamber, and I'll be with you again presently, Sir, your Servant.

Wood. Sir, I'm yours. [*Exit.*

Lady. *Betty*, hearken to their Discourse; and if any shou'd happen to our prejudice, be ready to step in, and break it off. (*Exit with Sir* Thomas.

Bet. I will, Madam.

Wood. aside. I wish that Old Fellow had not taken his Wife away with him; for my Temper at this time has inclin'd my Heart more to the making of Cuckolds, than the Destruction of Maiden-heads.

Flo. Now for a formal Bow, and a set Speech; these Country Sparks approach all Women as they do their Godmothers, when they ask 'em blessing.

Luc. I believe you're mistaken, *Floria*; I fancy that Air will produce something more than you imagine.

Flo. I shou'd a fancy'd so too, if he had not made Love to my Mother's Maid.

Wood. Now the Enemy is drawn off, Ladies, I hope we may come to a Close Parley again; for since I have seen your Faces, it has cost me more Pain to hold my Tongue, than 'twou'd a Maid of Forty, when she was bid say after a Parson for a Husband.

Flo. Say you so; Well, and now 'tis at Liberty, what have you to say?

Wood. Nay, Gad, I think not much, for we were agreed in a manner before we came hither; and what remains now, is to be done, Child, and not said.——Come, set aside that Improper Face upon the Matter, and shew me the way to your Chamber; I know you like me, or your

you wou'd not a taken so much pains to a brought me here

Flo. } Ha, ha, ha.
Luc. }

Wood. What a Pox do they laugh at?

Flo. Prithee Cousin, what does he mean?

Luc. Nay, I must ask you that, who brought him here.

Flo. I bring him here!

Wood. Poch; You brought me here between you, and you shall share me between you as far as I can go, therefore prithee let us Understand one another without more a-do.

Flo. } Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Luc. }

Wood. You may laugh, Ladies; but if you force me away with your Jest, I gad you shall cry for me, before you have me again.

Flo. } Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Luc. }

Luc. Good, Sir, have a Modester Opinion of your self, than to believe the loss of you wou'd cost either of us one Tear, though we were those very kind Fools you say we are.

Flo. No indeed, Sir; We are not so inamour'd of your sweet Sex, (tho we must own here's a Scarcity in this Place) to weep for any Man, tho he promis'd more to recommend himself, than any of your Mothers making.

Wood. Pray Madam, don't disparage my Mother's Huswifery; I think this Leg with the true proportion of my Body, shews she made as good Instruments to raise Succession to the Family, as any Dutiful Wife in the Parish, and let me tell you, if you were not worse than an errant Widow, you'd say so too, but 'tis no matter; such as I am, I shall find somebody will know what it is to be thankful for me, and for them only will I keep my self, and so Ladies your Servant. [*Going.*

Flo. } Ha, ha, ha, ha
Luc. }

Wood. Perhaps you think I won't go.

Luc. Sure he's Mad.

Flo. I believe so too; Good Sir, let me ask ye one Question

Question. You seem to be very well acquainted with us: Pray how long is it since, and where did our acquaintance first begin?

Wood. Come along with me, and I'll shew thee the Place presently; and as forgetful as you seem to be now, if I don't give thee Reason to Remember it these Nine Months, I'm a Capon. [*Pulling her.*

Enter Betty.

Bet. I'm afraid I've Rais'd a little of the longest. Sir, perhaps your weary with riding, and had rather be a-bed; if you please I'll light you to your Chamber.

Lu. He does talk indeed as if he wanted sleep.

Bet. Madam, I believe my Lady will want you and Madam *Lucia*'s help, for she's grown exceeding ill.

Flo. I rather believe, Gentlewoman, you want our absence; which should we afford you, I fear will give you occasion to be worse than you ought to be. [*aside to Betty.*

Bet. Pray, what d'ee mean, Madam?

Flo. Your pretended Lover here wears too thin a Disguise to pass upon us, tho he has upon my Father; a Gentleman of his Sense is seldom so fond of Marriage, to have such an honourable design upon a Chambermaid.

Wood. Ha; what's the Meaning of this? I honourable designs upon any body!

Bet. I hope, Madam, you don't think I'd admit of any Thoughts but what are so, I'm sure, Sir, if you have any you never own'd them to me, therefore pray [*Winking on him.*] don't let your Carriage be such as may make the Young Ladies, or any body else believe I would suffer any evil Proceedings; and if you think so, you'll find your self mistaken, I'll tell you that, for all I'm a Poor Servant, Sir.

Wood. The Devil's at Work for me, I find, by this Wenches winking, but what I must do or say to help the matter forward, I'm a Dog if I can tell.

Enter Sir Thomas Teffie.

Sir *Tho.* Sir, my Wife continues very ill, and I cannot wait on you, but I hope you'll be so kind to Command

my

my House however; *Betty*, see the Gentleman has every thing that's fit to make him welcome: Come Girls, come, here's no business for you, therefore leave the Lovers to themselves, come.

Flo. Sir, be pleas'd to leave us here; and we'll wait upon you in a moment.

Sir *Tho.* To what end forsooth?

Flo. Sir, we have some reasons to suspect this Gentleman's pretensions to *Betty*; and before we leave him alone with her, my Cousin and I will enquire, if you please, a little more into the Truth.

Sir *Tho.* Humph—You enquire—What—What would you enquire? ha!—What wou'd you enquire?—What a mighty concern you have for every Morsel that goes by your own Mouth; You enquire.—You have such an Itch to know how matters stand towards Matrimony; you are for examining every body how 'tis with them—Pray walk in, Pray do,—You enquire. *Ex.* (*Manent* Bett. *and* Wood.)

Wood. Harkee Damsel, you that can tell, now the Coast is clear—Pray let me know what's my business here; and and how am I to be employ'd to Night?

Bett. What your Business will be, Sir, I can only guess; but mine is to light you to a good Bed, and clean Linnen; a Bed-fellow I can't promise you, but shou'd you happen to find one you like, I hope you'll remember your Benefactor.

Wood. (*Aside*) Well hinted—that I will, and to assure thee I'll keep my word, there's earnest for thee;—But may not I guess who this may be?

Bett. That you may, Sir, and be deceiv'd;—But if you hit the Nail on the Head, I must not tell you.

Wood. Come, thou shalt tell me; and tell me against thy Will; I'll force thee to't———— (*Offers her Money.*

Bett. I must not indeed, Sir, but if you'll follow me, I will endeavour to carry you, where you shall inform your self.

Wood. Wilt thou, that's better still;

Sure at the last we shall this Clew unwind,
At least the Ball if not the Bottom find. (*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Friendly *and* Robin, *Servant.*

Friend. I Wish I cou'd guess where my Friend is: If we were in *London*, I shou'd believe some Petticoat Companion had pick't him up; but here's no Traders; and for any other Woman, he has not had time to fit her for his use: — *Robin*, bid that Country-fellow without come to me.

Rob. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Hob.

Friend. Hob, Can'st thou carry this Letter to Sir *Thomas Testies* House for me?

Hob. Yes, Sir.

Friend. Do so; and give it to Madam *Flora*; but take care no Body sees you deliver it.

Hob. Yes, Sir, — But must I car it to Night, 'tis very dark?

Friend. You must go immediately.

Hob. I hope, Sir, there's no difference between you and Sir *Thomas*?

Friend. Why do'st thou hope so?

Hob. Why truly, Sir, I do hear there is; and if so, I shan't greatly care to meddle or make between Friends, that *I* must tell you, for 'tis but an unthankful Office; besides, you know Sir *Thomas* is a Man that's very curst; and if he do's but respect I concern my self between you, may hap he may take the Law of me.

Friend. Pish, the Law of thee, no, no, I'll secure thee from any harm.

Hob. Very well, Sir, very well, that's as much as I can deſire; but pray don't take unkindly what I ſay; for you know no Man is willing to bring himſelf into a præmunire if he can help it.

Friend. No, no, prithee be gone.

Hob. I will, Sir, I will—— for - for – Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to read the Subſcription for me.

Friend. 'Sdeath, how I'm tortur'd with this fooliſh Fellow? and I can ſend no Body elſe, without being ſuſpected; don't trouble thy ſelf with the Superſcription, but deliver it as I bid thee.

Hob. Very good, Sir, very good; —— 'tis main dark; Wou'd it not do as well, Sir, if I ſhou'd car it in the Morning?——I had rather carry it in the Morning.

Friend. Why ſo?

Hob. Why truly, Sir, I'll tell you;——At the lower end of Sir *Thomas*'s Orchard, one of our poor Neighbours, being in a diſpariging condition, has gone and Hang'd himſelf: – Now there is ſome does ſay who have ſeen him, how that he walks by Night in ſeveral ſhapes.

Friend. What, and ſo you're afraid, are you?

Hob. No indeed, Sir, I'm not afraid, I thank Providence, I defie the Devil, and all his Works.

Friend. A Pox upon thee then, get thee gone.

Hob. Tho' I muſt tell you, I have a great conceit that he will appear to me; for you muſt know, to Morrow the Crowner's Queſt do's ſit upon him, whereof, de'e ſee, I am to be one; and who knows but he may have ſomething upon his Spirits that may make him break his Mind to me; and if ſo——Let me tell you, I'm afraid it will make a bad Day for ſome Body: For if Sir *Thomas* had kept his Fences whole, may hap this Man had never been tempted to 'a gone into his Ground to 'a Hang'd himſelf: But be it as it will, I'll do your Buſineſs for you; therefore pray take you no care, Sir.

Friend. Prithee about it then.

Hob. Aye, aye, I'll warrant you, I'll warrant you, don't trouble your ſelf no further. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Room, Table, Book and Candle.*

Enter Woodvill, *in a Night-Gown.*

Wood. Adventures of this kind, that look with the face of a Reward, make Expectation great and uneasie; but mine has been so often jilted, since I've been here, I begin to wish it Morning, that *I* might go home and laugh at my self for my damn'd impertinent Curiosity——Yet methinks this Business shou'd not end so, if this Virgin, Wife, or Widdow, or what the Devil she is *I* know not, (that do's trick me) shou'd suffer me to sleep to Night, with a bare Pillow in my Arms; may she have the Curse of always lying alone, and never know the use of a Bed-fellow. [*Sees a Book on the Table.*] How now, what's here, a Book? As I'm a Whore-master, an errant Pray'r-Book: Let me see what Title do's it bear——*The Crums of Comfort*——A Plague of your Dyet;——Is that feeding for a Gentleman?—— Now have I a good mind to read and be Converted; fall a singing of Psalms, and disturb the whole Family;——But that's to mortifie my self now I think on't; I'll e'en go to Bed, and try to forget 'em.

[*Puts out the Candle, and is going to Bed.*

Enter Lady Testie, *in a Night-Gown.*

Lady, So, now the Candles out, I may with safety venture:——Sir,—Sir,——

Wood. Ha! Who's there?

Lady. A Friend.

Wood. What wou'd you have?

Lady. I'm come for Satisfaction for a Wrong you've done in coming hither to seduce my Mistress from me.

Wood. Your Mistress; Who are you?

Lady. A Gentleman.

Wood. Then good Gentleman, go and fetch a Light, and you ſhall have what you come for preſently; tho' the Devil take me, if I'm acquainted with either thee or thy Miſtreſs that I know of.

Lady. Sir, there needs no Light, the Dark is fitter for my Revenge, therefore guard your ſelf as well as you can, for I have more Swords than my own to aſſiſt me.

Wood. Ha! Then *I* fear I'm fallen into the hands of a Villain, not of a Gentleman; but come, I'm bound to try it, come on.

Lady. Hold, Sir, hold a little, 'Slife if he ſhou'd make me ſmart for my fooling, 'twou'd make but an ill Jeſt; Pray, Sir, ſuſpend your Fury a while, here will happen no danger, unleſs you apprehend any from a Woman.

Wood. A Woman!—I thought indeed the Voice did not ſound very much like a Hero's,—But how ſhall I know you're a Woman? You've accoſted me but odly.

Lady. Can't you tell how to find that out?

Wood. *I* don't know faith, *I* cou'd a done; I'll try.

Lady. Pray put up your Weapon firſt.

Wood. Aye, that *I* will; *I* think this is too ſharp for a Womans uſe, But why came you in the Dark?

Lady. For fear you ſhou'd not like me in the Light.

Wood. It muſt be a very ill Face that can't recommend it ſelf to one Nights Lodging—Prithee let me take a Kiſs to ſweeten my Imagination however: [*Kiſſes.*]—Ha,—A plump ſmooth Lip, and a Breath ſweet as a new pluck't Roſe;—Now ſay thou'rt a Blackamoor if thou wilt, for nothing after this can turn my Stomach.

Lady. Where are you pulling me?

Wood. Pulling thee, why to Bed.

Lady. Hold, not ſo faſt;—I'm come reſolv'd to give my ſelf wholly to you, but e're I do ſo, you muſt promiſe me ſomething to deſerve it.

Wood. That *I* will, my Dear, any thing.

Lady. But will you perform what you promiſe?

Wood. Don't doubt it;—What is it?

Lady.

Lady. To esteem this Favour, as it is the first *I* ever granted to any, and in return swear, to love me as long as you live.

Wood. Humph!—That's a little hard, before *I* see your Face.

Lady. When *I* think fit to shew it you, and it prove not a Tolerable one, you shall be dissolv'd from your Oath.

Wood. That's fair, as a Man can desire.

Lady. Swear then.

Wood. *I* do; By the dear Pleasure I'm going to possess; upon that Condition, I swear to love thee, and only thee, to the end of my Life.—(*Aside*)—Whatever we believe of a Woman before Enjoyment, we seldom like 'em so well to think 'em tolerable after it; so there's no great fear of my being forsworn; Come, dear Rogue, come.

Lady.—(*Aside*) What a lightness do *I* wear to seem the thing *I* am not? Love is too powerful in me to be this Airy thing he takes me for, and before *I* leave him, *I* fear *I* shall betray it, which yet *I* wou'd not do.—

Wood. What means this Pause Child? *I* hope no foolish Qualms to check your Reason.

Lady. No, Sir,—Only a few Ejaculations before *I* go to Execution, and now dispose of me as you please.

Wood. Then Heaven have mercy upon thy Soul, for *I* shall have little on thy Body. [*Pulls her, and the Scene shuts upon 'em.*

Enter Sir Thomas *in a Night-Gown, and Servant.*

Sir *Tho.* Are you sure no Body has been here, to speak with my Daughter from Mr. *Friendly*?

Serv. Not that *I* know of, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* No; nor no Messenger sent from my Daughter to him?

Serv. I can't tell, Sir; *I* did not see any.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Sirrah, ſtand you here and watch, till towards Morning, and ſee if you can obſerve any Body walking about the Houſe, whiſtling at the Windows, or crying Hiſt! Ten to one *I* ſhall have my Blade a Eves-dropping by and by, or ſome Body from him; but it ſhall go hard but I'll ſpoil their buſineſs.

Serv. Sir, Sir,—— Yonders ſome Body with a Light coming down the Field.

Sir *Tho.* Stand ſtill then, and obſerve.

Enter Hob, *with a Candle and Lanthorne.*

Hob. So;——This is the Houſe;——Now let me ſee, how ſhall *I* go about to do this ſame buſineſs? if this Old Fox Sir *Thomas*, ſhou'd chance to ſpy me, he'll maul me for certain: But let me alone, I'll be cunning enough for him, I'll warrant me; if he ſees me, he muſt have more Eyes then two —— Hold,——hold,—— Now let me ſee for this ſame Letter;—— Oh, here it is;——For Madam *Flo*—— *Flo*—— Madam *Flora*. [*Sir* Thomas *ſnatches the Letter.*

Sir *Tho.* Where are you carrying this Letter Friend?

Hob. Letter, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* Letter, Sir,—aye Letter, Who did you bring it from?

Hob. Bring it from, Sir; *I* brought it from no Body, not *I*.

Sir *Tho.* How came you by it?

Hob. By it, Sir?——Why *I* found it in my Pocket.

Sir *Tho.* Found it in your Pocket;——What did it grow there?—— Ha?——Where are you going with it?

Hob. Going with it, Sir;——*I* don't know where *I* was going with it, not *I*.

Sir *Tho.* What d'ee here at this time of Night?

Hob. *I* can't tell what *I* do here, Sir, not *I*;——I'll go home, Sir, if you pleaſe:——God buy t'ee, Sir;——*I* wiſh you a good Night.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Hold,—hold a little, Friend; let me reward you firſt for bringing of it however.

Hob. Not a Farthing, Sir, indeed, *I* muſt not take one Farthing; for Mr. *Friendly* charg'd me to the contrary, therefore pray don't offer it.

Sir *Tho.* O-ho—Did he ſo? But ſomething *I* will give you however; pray take that, and that, and that Sirrah. [*Beats him.*

Hob. O Lord——O Lord—What d'ee ſtrike me for? What d'ee ſtrike me for? A fore God I'll take the Law of yee, ſee an *I* dont; What d'ee go to Murder me?

Sir *Tho.* Pll Law yee,——you Rogue;—Are you their Letter Carrier? There's more for you, Sirrah.

Hob. Bare Witneſs—bare Witneſs;——ſee an you don't pay for this; O Lord! O Lord!

Sir *Tho.* Sirrah, ſee him out of my Ground.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Woodvil *and Lady as from Bed.*

Wood. O Night, thou darling Friend to active Love, keep ſtill thy Mantle ſpread, and hide us from the World. Beauty needs no light but its own, to ſee the way to Joy;——Why? – Oh!—Why my Love, will you be gone ſo ſoon? The few ſhort hours we've lov'd, has given us but a taſte of what we might poſſeſs.

Lady. Do not ask me more than I'm willing to give; what *I* have already done, might ſure convince you that I had rather ſtay had I not more weighty Reaſons ſo ſoon to leave you.

Wood. Go not till the Day is broke.

Lady. That you may ſee my Face;——Go, I ſhou'd chide your Ungrateful Curioſity; Will you contribute nothing to ſpare my Bluſhes? Think what I've done, the Jewel I have parted with; and no ſecurity for your faith, but a promiſe of a moment's growth, what ſhou'd 'a been deareſt to me, like a Toy, I've thrown away; and to compleat me wretched, you may deſire my Ruine.

Wood.

Wood. Can it be your Ruine to make my Happiness compleat?

Lady. Whilst I'm Conceal'd, thou'd you prove unkind, 'twould rob me but of Life; but if Expos'd, take from me, Life and Reputation.

Wood. You allay my satisfaction, when you doubt my Love, and both that and Honour tie me to secure your Reputation.

Lady. If you have either, I conjure you do not ask it any more; when 'tis fit you shou'd know me better, Love of it self will betray me to you; — for 'twill not be in my power to conceal my self.

Wood. Tell me then, when I shall be so blest?

Lady. I cannot; but if in the mean time, it will stay your Curiosity to be admitted here another Night, perhaps I may be perswaded to Morrow or next Day to write to you, till then farewell; I know your Lodging.

Wood. O do not stay till the next day, let it be to Morrow, and to Morrow, and every Morrow; let every day be fed with Expectation of the approaching Night, and every Night like this; but with a more lasting Ecstasie.

Lady. How unwillingly my Legs convey me hence; and yet they trembl'd when they brought me here; my Virgin fears hang heavy on my Limbs, and feebl'd all my Joynts! O Love how strange are all thy ways! With dread thou leadst us where we long to be, and when possest of what we come for, with double pain conveys us back again.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Flora *and* Lucia.

Flo. Prithee don't rail at him any more; thou hast done enough already to convince me you love him.

Luc.

Luc. I cou'd almoſt be angry with you for ſaying ſo; tho' I know you don't think ſo.

Flo. Indeed I do; and ſhou'd he Marry *Betty* to Day, (as I'm ſure that's but a pretence to farther ſome other deſign, he has in coming here) it would break thy Heart.

Luc. You think me very amorous ſure to be ſo ſmitten with a Man at firſt ſight?

Flo. You can't help it if you are.

Luc. But why d'e think I am?

Flo. I'll anſwer you with another Queſtion: Why wou'd you not let me ſleep laſt Night for Talking of him?

Luc. Who began it?

Flo. I did; becauſe I thought the Diſcourſe wou'd pleaſe you.

Luc. For what reaſon?

Flo. Becauſe all the Evening you did as you do now, Bluſh when any Body ſpoke of him.

Luc. Who can forbear it, to hear you Talk ſo?

Flo. No Body indeed in thy Condition; ——Come prithee *Lucia* don't vail thy Heart from me, for if thou doſt, I'll certainly make thy Caſe known, and tell *Betty* what a Rival ſhe has.

Luc. I find it is but a folly to ſay any thing to you; but d'ee really think he can be ſo in Love with that fooliſh Girle? ——A Man, to all appearance, ſo much above a Thought ſo low, methinks 'tis an Injuſtice to him to believe it, ſuch a Meen and Air in all he ſays and does, ſo free and unaffected his Diſcourſe, it creates a Delight in all that hear him.

Flo. His Wit indeed is very engaging.

Luc. Ay, is it not? And when he addreſſes, Tho' it is not in a ſtile ſo awful as the niceſt Vertue wou'd expect; yet it Charms beyond the Oratory of a God.

Flo. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Luc. Why do you Laugh?

Flo. Only at your not being in Love, Madam. What a Tyrant is this little Deity? Not satisfy'd with having us poor Virgins in his power, but must shew us in our Fetters; you need not run away from me *Lucia*, for if thy Malady encrease, the Cordial of a Friends advice will soon fetch thee to me again.

[Lucia *holds down her Head, hides her Face with her Fan, and runs away.*

As she is going off, Enter.

Enter Hob, *and Country People with a Man Dead-Drunk.*

Hob. Come Neighbours, bring him along, and set 'en down here, for he must be examin'd, before we part with 'en.

Flo. How now Friends; What Body's that you've got?

Hob. Body,—This no Body forsooth; this is a Carcass, one that was a wicked Body.

Flo. What has he done?

Hob. Why he has Hang'd himself.

Flo. Alas poor Wretch! What was the Cause?

Hob. The Cause;—— Why he's Marry'd, and has a Wife and six Children.

Flo. Is that a Cause for a Man to Hang himself? What is he?

Hob. What is he? Why he's a *Jacobite*, and he Hang'd himself, because he would not pay double Taxes.

Flo. Pish,—— [*Exit.*

Clown, Come Neighbour *Hob*, you that can tell, pray let us know what we are to do.

Hob. Why we that are the Crowner's Quest, the Law says, must enquire how he came by his Death.

Clown,

Clown, But of whom muſt we enquire?

Hob. Why, of they that can tell, and no Body knows that ſo well as himſelf.

Clown, Well, but he's Dead.

Hob. Why ay, ſo it ſeems; and he muſt be Bury'd if we ſay he muſt; and if we ſay not, it may be not neither.

Clown, I ſuppoſe that's as we ſhall find him guilty; therefore pray tell me, Neighbour *Hob*, whether you think a Man that Hangs himſelf, is guilty of his own Death, or no.

Hob. Why truly that's a hard caſe to judge, Neighbour *Clumſey*.

Clown, I think now, that he is guilty.

Hob. Hold, hold, take heed, don't be too raſh; —for your Conſcience muſt be Umper in this Caſe:—Look'ee —I put this Point to you now, Whether every one that Hangs himſelf, is willing to die?

Clown, I,—I,—Sure he is willing.

Hob. Now I ſay no, for may-hap he might be *Non Complementus*, and if a Man be *Non Complementus*, he don't know his own Mind.

Clown. That's true indeed; but now being Dead, pray who muſt anſwer the King for the loſs of his Subject?

Hob. Marry he that Hang'd his Subject: That was himſelf.

Clown. Nay, nay, 'twas the Halter that hang'd him.

Hob. Aye, in ſome ſort it did; but that was in *ſe Offendendo*, for it may be he went to break the Rope, and the Rope held out in his own defence.

Clown. But is not this ſame Rope-maker now that made the Rope, in ſome danger?

Hob. No, no, the Rope-maker can be in no fault; —for d'ee ſee, when he makes the Rope, he goes backwards, and how can he ſee before, what ſhall follow after? ——Nor indeed is the Rope in fault, for may be he might urge the Rope *Solus Volence*, as the Law ſays,

neither is he himself in fault, for may be his Time was come, and he was born to be Hang'd: — Therefore I do conclude that he was Conscious and guiltless of his own Death.

Clown. Why then Neighbour, he may be buried?

Hob. O, of great reason, always he that is alive must die, and he that is dead must be bury'd.

Clown. Yet truly I think in my Conscience, he does not deserve to be Bury'd.

Hob. O you speak partiously Neighbour! *Puzzle-pate.* — not deserve to be Bury'd, I say he deserves to be Bury'd alive, that shall Hang himself; therefore don't Take of that.

Clown. Well, but what must we do with his Cloaths?

Coun. His Cloaths, why they are the Hangman's.

Clown. Why then he must have 'em himself.

Hob. Hold, hold, — This is a shrewd point of Law, and must be well handled; Did he make a Will?

Clown. No, he dy'd detestable.

Hob. Why then they fall to the right Heir Male; for look'ee d'ee see, the Female can inherit no Breeches, unless she can prove she wore them in her Husband's Days.

Clown. But suppose he has no Heirs at all?

Hob. Why then they go to the chief Mourner, — and look'ee d'ee see, that will be I, I will take his Cloaths; here now I begin with his Cloak, — there now — let every one take a quarter of him, and I'll follow with doleful Lamentation.

Clown. Why then, we have done Neighbour, have we?

Hob. Ay, ay.

Clown. How dolefully you look Neighbour?

Hob. Why, aye; 'tis the fashion to do, I'm chief Mourner, I must be sad.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter

Enter Roger *and another Servant.*

Rog. Art thou sure he's Drunk?

Serv. I'm sure I left him Dead drunk.

Rog. Then I believe they take him for the Man you gave out hang'd himself in Sir *Thomas*'s Orchard to fright the Boys from stealing the Fruit.

Serv. I believe so too, therefore prithee let us make haste for fear they bury him alive.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Woodvill *and* Friendly.

Friend. 'TIS strange you shou'd not see her Face, but when you tell me you love her, I must laugh at you; what if you have enjoy'd her, 'twas in the dark, and in the same minute your fancy painted her a *Venus*, you might ha' suppos'd her a Dowdy, and yet ha' been more just to her.

Wood. Aye, but I'm never such an Enemy to my pleasure, to suppose her the last, when I'd more reason to believe her the first; but you mistake me, if you think 'tis her Love; no, that's impracticable after Enjoyment; dear Rogue, 'tis the Married Woman I told thee of, that has charm'd my heart, and have some reason to believe hers is not impenetrable.

Friend. Why, I'll believe it, you durst not sure tell her so.

Wood. Why not, her Complexion promis'd me hearing, and having an opportunity as I was coming away this Morning, thro' the Garden where she was walking, I spoke to her, and told her, the feign'd Love I own'd last Night for her Servant, was a Plot I had brib'd her Maid to assist me in, to get an opportunity to confess the real one I had for her.

Friend.

Friend. Very good;——and no doubt but she beliv'd you.

Wood. She seem'd at first a little surpriz'd, but before I left her, I prevail'd so far, to gain a promise to see her again; and how much that may conduce to a good conclusion, you may imagine.

Friend. How do you know, but this may be the same Woman you lay with last Night.

Wood. Prithee don't call my Judgment in question; canst thou believe me so raw a Gamester not to know a Maid from a Married Woman.

Friend. I know not what you may do; but I'm sure 'tis a Secret I'm yet to learn; but come you must go along with me, *Flora* has sent me word to day will be kept a Wake before their house, and if in the Crowd she can get loose from her Father, we may chance make work for the Parson.

Wood. I'm sorry for't, I had rather help you to make work for the Midwife, I don't care to meddle where the Church is concern'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady and Betty.

Lady. Is not that he, see.

Bet. It is Madam.

Lady. Follow him, and give him this.

Bet. To what end, Madam; you have found him false already.

Lady. Dispute not my Commands, but fly. [*Ex. Betty.* He has undone me, if he leaves me not, which I too justly fear; for he has already discover'd the Inconstancy of his Sex, and what he promis'dd me unknown at Night, in the Morning broke to me, when he took me for another.

Enter Betty.

How now! Did you give it him?

Bet.

Bet. I did, Madam; and he'll ſee you he ſays.

Lady. Do'ſt not think he ſuſpects me to be her that was with him laſt Night?

Bet. No, Madam; but believing me to be confident to both her and you, he has brib'd me to keep you ignorant of each others Loves, and aſſiſt him in your ſeveral Intrigues.

Lady. Perjur'd baſe Villain! Why am I fated to Love, and not the Infection on my Lips, that when his flattery wou'd ſeal my ruine, he there might meet his own.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Fair.*

Enter Old Hob *and his Wife, with Benches to ſet at the Door and Forms.*

Wife. Come, Husband, good now make haſte; the Town will be full of People, before we ſhall get fitted.

O. Hob. Don't trouble thy ſelf Wife, every thing within Doors is ready; and there is nothing wanting without but the Sign to be put up, and look'ee, that ſhall be done preſent; *Hob* —— *Hob*——

Hob within. What ſay you Father?—

O. Hob. Go and Tap th' Ale, quick, quick.

Hob. Aye, aye Father.

O. Hob. There——Now he that will drink good Ale, let e'n come to th' Sign oth' Potlid. Come, Wife, let's to our buſineſs within.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Friendly *and* Woodvill: *Sir* Thomas, Flora, *and* Lucia *at the Balcony.*

Friend. If theſe Diſguiſes will let us ſtand unſuſpected, we may be able to attempt ſomething to gain my *Flora*'s freedom.

Wood.

Wood. Ay, and love thy own.

Friend. Ponder me is with her pretty friend; and old *Argus* that sticks to 'em, like Murder to a troubled Conscience.

Wood. (*Aside.*) Ha! Are these the Jewels of such vertue? One of them I'm sure has none to boast of; nor will the other, I believe, be a Martyr for her Honour.

Friend. Now *Ned*, tell me, How do'st like my Mistress?

Wood. Like her?

Friend. Ay, like her?

Wood. Very well for a Mistress.

Friend. A Mistress!

Wood. Ay, why dost think I can like her for any thing else?

Friend. I do, Sir, and think my self happy in my Choice.

Wood. I'm glad you're so pleas'd, Sir, I can have her at a cheaper rate.

Friend. Ha!—What dost mean?

Wood. What do you mean?

Friend. Not to hear any thing dishonourably spoken of her I Love, tho' by my Friend.—

Wood. Hum—(*Aside.*) Nor ought I indeed in honour, if it was she that did me the favour last night, tho' it be to my Friend; Come, prithee smooth thy Brow, for though I know well I have but a loose Opinion of all Women, which but seldom will let me speak well of any, tho' they deserve it.

Friend. Good Manners shou'd correct that ill Custom in a Gentleman, and for your own sake, pray be perswaded to forget it.

Wood. Grave Sir, I shall Edifie (*Aside*)—in the knowledge of my Mistress, I hope, the next time I have her at *Benjamin's Booth*, or she shall keep my Head in the Bag.

Sir *Tho.*

Sir *Tho.* Come Gentlewomen, if you muſt ſee the Paſtime, you may have as fair a Proſpect of 'em here, as you can in the Crowd, and with leſs danger to your Reputations.

Luci. Our Reputations! In what can they ſuffer, amongſt ſuch people as reſort here?

Sir *Tho.* Why theſe are Men, and fitter for Womens uſe than Finical Fops, that have only the appearance of Men; meer outſides, the ſigns of Men; and ſuch I have known a Woman fond of.

Luci. 'Tis very hard Sir, we can't be where we like beſt, I think we are at Age to look after our ſelves.

Sir *Tho.* Aye, if you had but Grace to take care of your ſelves too.

Flo. Women at our years, know how to make their choice; or if we did not we are ſeldom inſtructed by ill uſage.

Sir *Tho.* Eh——eh——What,——what are you a chattering Magpye, hee——do you want to have your Leggs at liberty?

Flo. If I do, I can have patience; for I ſhan't want it long, unleſs you cou'd confine my inclinations too.

Sir *Tho.* Let me come at her,——let me come at her,——what does ſhe prate again to me? You are one to be intruſted with your ſelf indeed, look'e here elſe, witneſs this Letter, I got ſcouting from your Lover to ye; de'e ſee here I can't read it now for want of my Spectacles, but here he ſays how that ſhe has given him a new life, from the laſt favour ſhe was pleas'd to grant him;—— Hark'ee Huſſey, what favour was that you were ſo pleas'd to grant him, tell me, for I will know what that favour was?

Flo. I don't know what you mean Sir?

Sir *Tho.* What, not by the laſt favour?——Afore God i'll have her ſearch't;——i'll know how far the honour of my Family was concern'd in that laſt favour of hers;——I will Gentlewomen.——And ſure I ſhall find an Expedient too, to keep you aſunder, if Locks,

and Bolts, and Barrs can do it: —— Odso well remember'd, let me see if my Doors are all fast, and then if you can shuffle Love through the Key-hole, withall my heart. [*Exit.*

Luci. Prithee see *Flor*, if I'm not mistaken, on of those men yonder looks like your lover *Friendly* in disguise.

Flo. And the other the very sperk that lay here last night, I now begin to think *Friendly* employ'd him about that piece of Knight Errantry; to get news from our enchanted Castle, or to try if thou hadst Chrams enough to engage him to yoke with his friend.

Luci. Why d'ee think so?

Flo. Because there are few men that marry in this Age; but are asham'd of their fortune; and wou'd therefore draw in as many of their freinds as they can to Countenance their folly as they call it.

Luci. I have a better opinion of your Lover, *Flora.*

Flo. He's oblig'd to ye Madam.

Enter Hob *with a blue Apron on,*

Hob, Ch'm coming, Ch'm coming; your Servant Mr. *Friendly*, I'm glad to see you; you'r welcome to'ch Fair.

Friend. I thank the Honest *Hob.*

Hob, I shou'd know that Gentleman, ——Master *Woodvill* I think.

Wood. Aye *Hob,* how dost do?

Hob, O Lord Master, how de'e do? Faith I'm glad to see you with all my heart; Lord a mercy upon us; how strangly you be grown since you have been over-Seas; —— Come, pray sit you down ——Master *Freindly,* ——Come pray stay, and drink one Pott afore you go.

Friend. Prithee let us sit down, or this fellows impertinence will make us observ'd.

Wood. What do'st thou do with an Apron *Hob*?

Hob,

Hob. A Dod, I put un on but juſt now; Father will do as Neighbours do, and every one it'h Town a moſt ſells Ale on Fair day, but now we ſell ſeveral other ſorts of liquor; and Wine too an occaſion be.

Wood. Wine?

Hob. Aye, all ſorts of Wine.

Wood. Sayeſt a ſo, bring us ſome Claret then.

Hob. Claret Sir, we've no Claret, we muſt not ſell Claret; 'tis againſt the Law, now you may have ſome of your Port, your red Port now, or your white Port, or ſuch ſort of Stuff.

Wood. Such ſtuff as thou haſt then, Prithee bring us.

Hob. Yes Sir,—(*is going and then turns back.*)—Now in my mind Sir,—what d'ee think of a little Sack, a little Sack now, and ſome of your Sugar in't, is mam good.

Friend. Pirthee bring, what thou lik'ſt beſt thy ſelf—For I'm ſure 'twill pleaſe no palate but thy own.

[*Exit* Hob.

Wood. I fear *Frank*, your project will not anſwer your end, for I ſee no way of getting at the Ladies.

Friend. There is but little hopes indeed *Ned*, ſince I ſee the doors ſhut, and the old Knight in their Company; fortune may do ſomething unexpectedly to befriend us.

Enter Hob *with two Black Potts, a Trencher with Tobacco, Pipes, and Bread and Cheeſe upon it.*

Hob. Ch'm coming, ch'm coming, here Sir.

Wood. Where is the Sack?

Hob. Sack Sir,——Od I don't know, I thought you ſaid you had rather have Ale——Ale is indeed much wholſomer now, for your Engliſh Stomaches;——for my Part, i'd rather have Ale now; Maſter *Woodvill*, bite a bit afore you drink:——Come and mean time i'll put a little Sugar i'th Ale; and make it as good as I can for you:——Come Sir, againſt your diſpoſe'd—

[*He drinks all.*

Wood. Thank ye *Hob*, this fellows kindneſs will poyſon me before I go hence.

Friend, Not whilſt you have ſuch a Taſter; for I don't ſee that he intends to leave you any.

Hob, A Dod 'tis main good Sir; ——will you have tother Pott Sir?

Wood. No, prithee drink this too, and then fetch us a Couple.

Hob, Yes Sir, ——I will, I will. [*Drinks and Exit.*

Enter Countrymen.

Sir *Tho. above*, Come my merry Countrymen, every man take his Laſs, and give us a Dance or two, and then wee'll have the Cudgells, out.

Enter Hob *with the Potts of Ale, ſtares on the Dancers and Dance——minds not the Gentlemen.*

Clow. Yes, an't like your Worſhips, we are all ready, come Scratch ſtrike up.——*Dance.*

Hob, Aye marry Sir, well done *Ralph*; ſet to un *Joane*, ſet toe'n.

Hob's Mother within. *Hob, Hob.*

Hob, Ch'm coming, ch'm coming (*he Sings*) Toll, loll, in *Mary*, Sides all now, ſides all.

Friend. Hob, Hob.

Hob, Ch'm coming, ch'm coming Maſter, toll, loll, *&c.*

O. *Hob.* within. *Hob, Hob.*

Hob, Ch'm coming, ch'm coming, what a Plague ails my Father trow? and old Fool! Udsbled he makes more a noiſe,——ſet to now, *William*, ah rarely done; in *Mary*, O dainty *Mary*, turn her about now *John*, now, now, a murrain, you're quite out; Hold, hold, ye are all out, look *Ralph* ſhou'd a caſt off, and while *John* had turn'd *Mary* about, *Thomas* ſhou'd a led up *Nan*, and *Joan* met *Ralph* at Bottom again, mean while *John* ſhou'd a ſided with *Mary*; and then *Mary* ſhou'd back

back to back with *Ralph*, and then *Thomas* had come in again in his own place, and ſo all had been right.—— Come begin again, ſtrike up ſcratch, Toll, loll, doll, loll, *&c.*

O. *Hob* within, *Hob*, *Hob*, Where be ye?

Hob, Ch'm coming, ch'm coming, what the Devil can't you be quiet a bit, toll, loll, *&c.*

Enter Old Hob.

O. *Hob*, Hey day, hey day, this is rare ſport, I God, I'll ſtrap you, ye baſe Rogue you; muſt you be dancing here, and your Mother and I at work. [*Striks him.*

Hob, Hey day! what's the matter now? what, muſt I be beat all the days of my life?

O. *Hob*, Ye Graceleſs Rogue, mind your buſineſs then, do ye, yonders your poor Mother within a ſcoreing and a ſcoring till ſhe ſweats again, and no body to draw one drop of Beer.

Hob, I don't care a farthing, I won't draw a drop more if you go to that, do your worſt, and take your Courſe.

O. *Hob*, Sirrah, come ye in, and don't ye ſtand dancing here, don't ye.

Hob, I won't go in, ſo I won't, if that trouble ye, I will Dance, and Dance again.—*Angerly, toll, loll*, &c.

O. *Hob*, Aye thou'rt an untoward Boy as e're was born; Mercy forgive me for begetting the. [*Exit.*

Enter Roger.

Hob, Marry come up, what's here to do I trow?

Clow. Here's the Cudgells an't like you, will your Worſhip pleaſe to have us begin.

Sir *Tho*. Aye, Aye, by all means make haſt *Roger*, and bring forth the Hatt and the Favour.

Roger, Here it is, an't pleaſe ye.

Sir *Tho*. Hang it up there, and he that wiens it, let him wear it. The firſt *Sommerſetſhireman* that breaks a Head, here's half a Crown for him to drink; and he

he that breaks that Rogue *Hobs* head, shall have another.

Hob. Shall he——look'e, he that breaks my Head, shall have somewhat to do, i'll tell you that, let 'en be who he will, he shall earn his Money; Ecod ill rib 'en—— And look'e, to begin here i'll take up the Cudgell,—— And now let the best man here, take up tother, an he dare, if he be a *Sommersetshireman*, let 'en be a *Sommersetshireman*, ——I fight for *Glostershire*; I don't care who knows it.

Sir *Tho.* At him, at him there—— What, is there no body dare venture upon him? Neighbour *Puzlepate*, take up the to'ther Cudgell.

Puzzle. Not I an't please you, I have enough of 'en already, he broke my Head but last week.

Sir *Tho.* *Roger*, —Sirrah, do you take up the Cudgell, and thrash him, do'e hear—thrash him soundly Sirrah.

Roger, I can't promise that Sir, I'll do my best, I'll break his head if I can in Love; and if he breaks mine, much good may do him.

Friend. This is as I cou'd wish; If *Hob* does but get the better of the Combat, the Testy Knight will certainly be provok'd to come down, and then we shall have sport.

Wood. Prithee let's encourage him then; O brave *Hob*, now for *Glostershire Hob*.

Hob, I warrant ye Master, let me alone.

Friend. Here *Hob*, there's an Angel for thee.

Wood. And break his head *Hob*; and I'll give the another.

Hob. Don'te fear Master, I God I'll noint 'en.

Roger, Do if thou canst; I don't fear thee *Hob*.

Hob, S'bleed, I'll dress thy Jacket; I'll dowse thy *Somersetshire* Coate for thee.

Roger, Come on then.

Clown, Obrave *Hob*.

Clown, Obrave *Roger*.

Clowns

Clown, O brave *Hob*. [*Here they play, and* Hob
Clown, O brave *Roger*. *breaks t'other's Head.*
All the Clowns Hollow!
Hob, I God I've don't; I've don't Faith.
Sir *Tho.* Foul, foul, foul.
Hob, Fair, fair, fair.
Clown. Here take the Hat *Hob*.
Sir *Tho.* You lye, you Doggs, 'twas foul.
All Clowns Hollow!
Friend. Stand upon thy Guard *Hob*, the Kinght's coming down to thee.
Hob. Is a, let 'en come and welcome; here I'll stand, I'll take no other than St. *George's* Guard; if he let's drive at me, Fore-god I'll hit 'en over the Sconce, if he was a Knight of Gold.

Enter Sir Thomas *from the Balcony.*

Sir *Tho.* Where are these Bumpkins? —Now who dars say 'tis fair.
I say 'tis foul.
Hob, I say 'tis fair.
Sir *Tho.* So is that too. [*Sir* Thomas *and* Hob *fights*; Hob *breaks the Knights Head*; *the Clowns hollow and cry fair*; *then the Knight draws his Sword and beats* Hob *and the Clowns off.*
Wood. O brave Knight!
He has bestirr'd himself I faith, with as much courage, as if he fought for distressed Damsels.
Friend. So he has I thank him: Here's liberty for you Madam unexpected, if you'll embrace it come down quickly.
Wood. Your Jaylor's gone Ladies, and the doors open, come down and we'll knock off your Fetters.
Flo. To put on stronger of your own!
Wood. Not I faith, I'd have every Woman use her leggs as she pleases.
Friend. So shalt thou thy tongue hereafter; But prithee let me Confine it now, for we have no time to talk. *Flo.*

Flo. What is it, you wou'd have of me *Friendly*?

Friend. Remember your promise Madam; and spare that question.

Wood. I don't know what his design is Madam; but here's a Parson planted hard by I can *till you*, *I believe* a purpose to do mischief.

Flo. I own my promise to marry you, but do not remember I ever oblig'd my self to time.

Friend. Be it still unlimited, I'll never press it against your will: All I ask now is, to deliver your self from Bondage.

Flo. What sayst thou *Lucia*, shall I go?

Luci. If I thought you'd take my advice, I'd give it you, but I'm sure you'll adhere to none but that of running away, therefore prithee make haste and begone.

Flo. Farewell then.

Luci. But hast thou the Conscience to leave me behind, to be punished for thy sins?

Flo. Aye, if you can have the heart to let me go without ye.

Friend. Make haste Madam, your Fathers returning.

Flo. We come, we come, fly good *Lucia*. [*Exeunt from the Balcony.*

Wood. 'Tis pity that Marriage shou'd be the end of this Adventure, it looks so like Whoring; I wish the old Fellows Wife had been in their company, to a got me a Stomach to the Business.

Enter Flora.

Friend. Upon my Knees I shou'd receive you Madam; but the place ——

Flo. Will not let us lose time in talking —— where's my Cousin? Where's my Cousin?

Friend. Leave her to my Friends charge —— He's an honest Gentleman, and will take care of her.

Wood.

Wood. A Pox of your honeſt Commendations, let me ſpeak for my ſelf, Madam, here's your Man.

Luci. What to do? Not to follow our Friends example I hope.

Wood. No faith Child, I'm better principl'd; thou ſhalt have me upon eaſier Terms. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Re-enter Sir Thomas.

Sir *Tho.* There——there you Ruſtich Rogues,——you hard headed Doggs, I think I've at laſt met with your Sculls; I believe I have notch't ſome of your Noddles for you; I have made you pay for ſhedding my Blood.

Enter a Maid and Roger, *and Servant.*

Maid, Oh Sir, Sir, We're undone, Madam *Flora* and Madam *Lucia.*

Sir *Tho.* What of them?

Maid, They are gone Sir.

Sir *Tho.* Gone where?

Roger With a Couple of Gentlemen Sir, No body knows where.

Sir *Tho.* The Devil go with 'em——which way are they gone?

Servant, They have taken towards the Road Sir, but they can't be got far.

Sir *Tho.* Bid every one of your fellows take Horſe immediately, and ride ſeveral ways;——Have they ſlipt through my fingers at laſt.——Make haſte you Doggs——(beats 'em) make haſte fly, fly.

Enter Lady Teſte *and* Betty.

Lady, If reaſon had a power in Love, I ſhou'd not fann this fire within me, to make a Ruin of my Peace,——But oh I ſtrive in vain, my ungoverned paſſion

drives me on, though ſure Deſtruction follows me: What is't a Clock?

Betty, Four Madam.

Lady, Look if you can ſee him coming.

Betty, He's juſt here Madam.

Lady, O cou'd he bring a heart like that hee'l find here; how happy would this meeting be? —— But that's impoſſible.

Enter Woodvill.

Wood, So much for my honeſt obligation; we have bous'd they Lads; my friends buſineſs is done: —— Now let me look after my own ——; 'tis ſomething paſt the time, —— ha!

Lady, You ſee Sir, how much you have prevail'd upon me, am I not punctual?

Wood, Pardon me Madam, if I ſeem not ſo, in ſuffering you here before me; a fault nothing but a buſineſs of no leſs concern than Life and Death, ſhould a made me guilty of.

Lady, So, there's one lye already.— (*aſide*) —What buſineſs? The carrying away Sir *Thomas*'s Neice and Daughter.

Wood, How the Devil came ſhe to know that? (*aſide*.

Lady, Come, ſince I know you were ingaged in that piece of Chivalry, you may ſpare the expence of an invenion to hide it.

Wood, 'Tis true Madam; I did give ſome little aſſiſtance in that affair to the ſervice of my friend, but—

Lady, But the extent of your deſire is only to engage my heart i'll warrant.

Wood, 'Tis the laſt of all my wiſhes, from the firſt moment I ſaw you at Church ——

Lady, At Church?

Wood, Aye, at Church Madam; —— pray Heav'n ſhe goes to Church (*aſide*). 'Twas there I firſt beheld you; and there promiſed never to think of any other Women.

Lady,

Lady, My pretended ſickneſs has kept me from Church, ever ſince I've been here; but I believe if he cou'd have thought I had been to be found at *Rome*, he had ſaid he had ſeen me there; —Well Sir, I will not queſtion the truth of what you ſay: But if I ſhou'd be inclinable to believe you, what wou'd you do to deſerve it?

Wood. All things that's poſſible my Unartful Paſſion will Compell me to.

Lady, All things but Conſtancy; and that I fear is not in your Paſſion.

Wood. It is the only ſin of my Affection, if it be one to love forever.

Lady, O Heaven! that truth dwelt in his words. (*aſide*) —Swear—Swear that thou loveſt me.

Wood. I do by all ——

Lady Hold,—hold— I know there's nothing but he will Swear: And break it when he has done; and yet he muſt ſwear it; —— for there is ſuch a Charm in the Cheat; that again I muſt hear him, and be again deceiv'd.

Enter Betty *and whiſpers.*

Betty, Now then, I muſt leave you, when next I ſee you.

Wood. You'll perhaps again be taken from me; let me not part with you now.

Lady, I muſt be gone.

Wood. Then take me with you.

Lady, What to do?

Wood. That we'll talk of by and by.

Lady, But the time will be ſo ſhort.

Wood. That we ſhall have no time to talk; ——Well hinted I Gad —— [*Aſide.*

On then my Dear, that we may not loſe that little we have.

Enter Sir Thomas *with Constable and Watch.*

Sir *Tho.* A Pox upon you, for a company of uncultivated Clods; where de'e hall me?

Const. Sir, what we do we are bound to; 'tis our Office, therefore pray forgive us

Sir *Tho.* You are not going to Execution with me, you ask pardon so like a Hangman;

Const. No Sir, Our Warrant is only to carry you before a Justice, and from thence I believe to Prison: but where afterwards I dare not say; but I am afraid your Worships time is but short.

Sir *Tho.* Not so short as you'd make it, you dund-headed Doggs, to be tryed, Condemn'd and Hang'd in a Breath.

Const. No Sir, I hope not; Tho your Worship made but quick work with poor *Hob.*

Clow. Aye, aye poor man; his head has done aking by this time:

Sir *Tho.* I'm glad of it; and had I my Sword, and my hands at liberty none of yours shou'd trouble you long.

Clow. O bloody, bloody, away with him; this is bloody Neighbours.

All, Away, away with him. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Friendly *and* Robin, *meeting* Probe *the Surgeon.*

Friend. So Mr. *Probe,* how de'e find your Patient?

Probe, Alas his Wound is nothing; his Scull is not so much as touch't tho he fancies it impossible for a cut with a Sword to be less than Mortal.

Friend. Poor *Hob,* you must still keep him ignorant of his Condition, and make him believe it's dangerous; it may be of use to me:

Probe,

Probe, I need not do that, his fears won't let him believe otherwise; let me say what I can.

Friend. Robin, come let us go see if we can find Mr. *Woodvill*, for without his help we shall hardly bring our Plot to perfection. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Woodvill *and Lady* Testy.

Wood. Not *Jove* in all his transformations, when he Ungodded himself for Mortal Pleasures, had one hour of Love like me. O for a Night to Revel in; that the Taste might be turn'd into a Feast; And my longing Soul be fill'd with delight.

Lady, Is not this Extasie feigned: And shall not the easie access you have found to my heart, make me one day slighted for another.

Wood. Wrong not thy self with such a thought,—— there can be no other but thee: Thou Charmer tell me when shall I see thee again?

Lady, I cannot tell, this Evening i'll endeavour it; and if 'tis possible I will meet you here; ——tell then—— Farewell.

Wood. Farewell my Dear, Dear Creature.

Enter Betty *with a Bundle.*

Lady, Have you my things Betty?

Betty, Here they be Madam.

Lady, Give 'em to me; i'll put 'em on as I go; if he takes not the nearest way I may meet him at the lower end of the Walk, *Exeunt.*

Re-

Re-enter Woodvill, *meeting* Friendly *and* Robin.

Friend. O well met; I find I might have look't long enough for you, had not chance brought me to a sight of you: ——Come *Robin* the things, quick, quick.

Robin. Here Sir, here.

Wood. How now, what are these for?

Friend. Nay, prithee ask no questions; But if you'll do me a piece of service, come on with this Holy outside, you must suffer a Transformation *Ned*; from a Town Bull to Parish-Priest.

Wood. That's the same thing still *Frank*; But to what end must I wear this Mantle, for Iniquity?

Friend. Can't you guess?

Wood. Not I faith, unless it be to mock Matrimony; And if that's the business come on, as fast as you will, I'm for you.

Friend. How! I did not think thou hadst been so well acquainted with Religion, to be able to act any thing of it.

Wood. Yes, yes, to serve a friend upon occasion *Franck*; I have study'd it a little.

Friend. And a very little, nor that for any affection thou hadst to it, i'll be sworn, Come, come along. [*Exit.*

As Woodvill *follows,* Enter *Lady* Teste *at the other side Mask'd——And pulls him back.*

Lady, A word with you Sir,——If the care of some departing Soul does not make you too much in haste.

Wood. Thou dear Creature, have I met thee here again? And art thou come to perform they last promise; and let me see that beautious Face of thine?

Lady,

Lady, Why ſhou'd you be ſo curious? for if it prove handſome you know the engagement you lye under.

Wood. What, to love thee? —'Tis impoſſible my dear for me ever to love any body elſe.

Lady, So, —What de'e do with this habit then? — I fear there is ſomething to be manag'd in this diſguiſe, not of a piece with your vows.

Wood. This habit Child; why I procur'd it a purpoſe to try if by it's aſſiſtance I cou'd find ſome way to get acceſs to thee.

Lady, Thou lyeſt thou Devil; and the Curſe of broken promiſes purſue thee for it. [*Exit.*

Wood. Hey day! what's the meaning of this Divinity, if you bring me no better fortune, you muſt go home and Cloak for the good Wives of your own Pariſh again.

To Levies *Tribe they'l part with any thing.*
And thank the Saint that takes the Offering.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCENE. I.

Hob is brought in a Chair by ſome Country Fellows, his Father and Mother with him.

Old *Hob*, COme eaſie Neighbours, eaſie, ſet 'en down eaſie.

Mother, O my poor Child, how doſt thou do?

Hob, Worſer and worſer, I find I'm not for this Life.

Old *Hob*, Then I hope you'll take warning, how oft have I ſaid, *Hob* ſays I don't thee concern thy ſelf; what buſineſs is it of thine? Let every Tub ſtand upon its own bottom; but thou thought'ſt becauſe——

Hob, Pray now don't ye talk to me, pray now don't; Don't ye vex me ſo: 'Tis a ſtrange thing you can't let me depart in peace.

Enter a Parſon.

Parſ. How de'e Neighbour? how does your Son?

O. *Hob.* Ah Sir, the poor boy I'm afraid will dye.

Hob, Who is that Neighbour?

Clown, It is the Parſon come to Pray with thee *Hob*.

Hob, Ha! What do'ſt ſay, the Parſon? —— O Lord, I hope it is not come to that is it? —— O my heart, O my poor heart will break; O —— O Lord.

Parſ. Come Patience, Patience Neighbour, have a little Patience——And I hope as you have liv'd a good Chriſtian, you'll take care to dye ſo.

Hob

Hob, Aye sure Sir, that I will, under Mercy; for if I live I will dye a good Protestant.

Parſ. That's well said, then the first thing you must do, is to forget and forgive.

Hob. Forgive? —— What must I forgive him that has knock't out my brains? Why then may hap he'll do so again.

Parſ. If he does, you must forgive him.

Hob, Aye,—— why then if I must, I do forgive him.

Moth. Hob, Child here's *Mary* come to see thee.

Enter Mary.

Mary, How doſt find thy ſelf *Hob*.

Hob, Ah *Mary*, I can't ſpeak to thee.

Moth. Poor heart; —— do try to ſpeak to her child, for ſhe is thy Wife and no other.

Hob, I know I'm ſure to her, —— and I do own it before you all, I ask't her the Queſtion, laſt *Lammas*, and at *Allhallows-tide* we broke a piece of Money; and if I had liv'd till laſt Sunday, we had been ask'd in the Church.

Moth. Ha poor wretch I always thought 'en to pretty to live —— *Mary*, go and kiſs 'en *Mary*. [*Mary goes and kiſſes him.*

Hob, *I do deſire you all preſent, to take notice of my laſt Will and Teſtimony.* —— *I have forty Shillings in a leather-purſe under my Bed-head, which I do bequeath unto* Mary; *And the ball'd-fac'd Heifer that I bought at* Tuksbury-*Fair, I do bequeath unto* Mary; —— *And my new leather Breeches, which I bought againſt* Whitſuntide; *I do bequeath unto* Mary; *And my Bible, and new Pitchfork, and Tobacco-box, I do bequeath unto* Mary. *Mary, come and kiſs me once more,* Mary *you may never kiſs me again.* *Enters*

Enter Probe *the Surgeon.*

Probe, How now, what's the matter; —— how doſt do Friend?

Hob, Dead Sir, ——I'm a Dead Man.

Probe, How Dead! Thou art the firſt Dead Man that ever told me ſo; let me feel thy Pulſe. [*Feels his Pulſe.*

Hob, O Sir, they do beat, beat, like any Drum.

Probe, O your Pulſe beats very temperate.

Hob, Do they Sir?

Probe, Aye, aye, you're better than you was a great deal.

Hob, Am I indeed Sir?

Probe, What have you given him to eat?

Hob, Nothing Sir, I have eat no kind of thing. Sir *Thomas* ſent a Doctor here, and I believe he had a mind to amiſh me, he gave me a ſort of ſtuffe here made of Barly, ——Barly Porridge I think they call it; 'twas no ſooner in but out again; it runs through a man and does no manner of good.

Probe, You muſt have ſome thing to ſtrengthen him; what have you a mind to?

Hob, I don't know Sir; I cou'd eat ſomething fit for a man in my Condition; —a little ſomewhat Roaſt; —what de'e think of a little Roaſt-beef now; ——and a little Pepper and Vinigar to make it Savory, may hap I cou'd get a bit of that down.

Probe, O a very good thing for a ſick man; let him have it, and give him ſome Sack now and then; there's half a Dozen Bottles within, which Mr. *Friendly* ſent to comfort him with.

Hob. Has a,—God bleſs 'en—Ha! he's a good man—Mother give me a little Sack, will ye pray now do.

Probe, Well, how de'e find your ſelf now?

Hob, Ha,——ha——add I don't know Sir, ——me-thinks I'm pretty hoddy now as 'twere.

Probe

Probe, That's well, why then let him drink another Cup.

Hob, Shall I? --- Why ſo, I will then---Mother give me a ſup or two more.---Hee--hee--hee. [*Belches.*

Moth. Ah much good do thy precious heart; how doſt do now Child.

Hob, Ha——add I'm fine and ſpract now.

Probe, Pough,——you'll do very well again; I'd have you try to get up, and i'll come and ſee you again anon.

Hob, Thank you Sir, heartily;——Sir, Sir, pray take the Parſon a long with you, I don't care to ſee 'en here, a looks unlucky methinks.

Probe, Aye, aye, I will. [*Exit with Parſon.*

Hob, Mother I'll try if I can walk a bit.

Moth. Do then ſtand up.

Hob, Pray lend me my Breeches Father.

Moth. O don't be too bold good *Hob*.

Hob, Give me a little more Sack [*Drink*]——It's good Sack Mother, pray lend me the——O Lord.

Moth. Get on thy Cloths firſt, good Child.

Hob, I'm, I'm, very fainty,——I wont venture too ſoon Mother.

Moth. Don't then, ſit down, and let them carr thee in again.

Hob, Aye, ſo I will.

O. *Hob*, Come help Neighbours. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE. II.

Sir Thomas *in Prison.*

Sir, *Tho.* I have misfortunes enough to send me into the other world, without a Halter; I need not swing thither for a Rogue not worth the Money the Rope will cost; —— but if I be hang'd, it shall be a day of mourning for some-body.

Enter Woodvill *habited like a Parson.*

Wood. Save you Sir.

Sir *Tho.* And you too Sir, have you any thing to say to me?

Wood. Yes Sir, I hear you are to be try'd for Murder, and as the Fact appears to me, you will suffer for it.

Sir *Tho.* Well, and what then?

Wood. I wou'd know in what state you are in, and if you are prepar'd for Death as you ought to be.

Sir *Tho.* You know; —— What with that Face, —— prithee get some hair on thy Chin first — boy —— thy outside will beget no veneration in me.

Wood. My inside won't I'm sure —— [*Aside*] —— Sir, I expected another sort of treatment from a man in your Condition.

Sir *Tho.* Why, what's my Condition Cobble Conscience?

Wood. Do ye know where you are a going?

Sir *Tho.* No nor you neither Sir, for all you get your living by it.

Wood. This way Sir, won't convey you to Heaven.

Sir *Tho.*

Sir *Tho.* Why then I'll go to to'ther place along with you.

Wood. And is this all the Preparation you intend to make for your Journey.

Sir *Tho.* Aye Sir, I shall go just as I am, without Boots or Spurs; you may therefore spare your pains, if you please.

Wood. What an old Reprobat have I to work upon.

——— *Enters* Saywell *and* Friendly, *dress like a Lawyer.*

Say. Your Servant Sir, I am glad to see you in such good Company.

Sir *Tho.* 'Tis the Company Neighbour *Saywell*, that will bring me to the Gallows; — The Parson and the Hangman are the two last that take leave of us there. Have you brought my Writings.

Say. I have Sir, and here's a Gentleman recommended to me for an able Lawyer, that will settle your Estate as you shall think fit.

Enter Taylor.

Tay. Sir, here's a young Lady without, desires to see you.

Sir *Tho.* O 'tis my Wife, let her come to me.

Wood. I'm afraid the help I can give you, will do but little service, for he's as much averse to a black Gown, as a Non-Con is to a Surplice; What have you done with the Ladies?

Friend. They're safe at my Aunt *Friendlies*.

Wood. Do's *Flora* know of your Plott.

Friend. No, nor of her Fathers being here; nor durst I tell her, till I have effected my design; for tho it is only for her sake, if I do get her Fortune, yet t'wou'd displease her if she knew I but attempted it, ——Ha!

Enter

Enter Flora.

Flo. O, shew me, shew me, where on my knees I may fix, till my Tears have wash'd away my Offences; O Sir, forgive my Disobedience, that has I fear been too much the cause of this most fatal accident.

Sir *Tho.* Hum, —— get out of my sight, —— get out of my sight —— Go get you gone to your Rogue, that will have me hang'd, go and I'll provide for ye; —— I'll give you a Portion, Twelve-pence and thy Fathers Curse, be thine Inheritance.

Wood. What a Pox is the meaning of all this?

Flo. O do not Curse me Sir, I have not deserv'd that, leave me a Beggar if you please, but with your Blessing and I will be contented.

Sir *Tho.* What, bless thee for contriving to have me hang'd? be gone —— begone from me quickly, or I will tit thee from me.

Flo. Do any thing Sir, so you will hear me; —— Let me clear my Innocence, and banish me your sight forever turning to *Wood.* O Sir, I beseech you plead for me, it is your Duty to Reconcile us, and yours, and yours *turning* [*to Mr.* Saywell *and* Friendly]: And every good mans, to help the distress'd.

Friend. I'm so amaz'd I cannot think what to do, if I discover my self to her in this humour, she'll not have patience to let me undeceive her.

Wood. So, I find our Plot is growing to an end already; How like two Fools we shall look by and by, if they find us out in our borrowed shapes. [*Aside.*

Say. Come, pray let me persuade you to hear her however, you are never the farther from your Resolution.

Sir *Tho.* What can she say for her self, am I not brought here for Murder, provok'd to it by their invention, she and her Rogue *Friendly*, that she ran away with; did you not run away with him Huzzey.

Flo. I did Sir.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Very good; Come, I'll reason the matter calmly with you; and have you not married him too, against my expres Command to the Contrary.

Flo. No, Sir nor never will.

Sir *Tho.* Swear, swear that, and damn thy self.

Flo. By all my hopes of future Blessings, he is not my Husband; nor till within this half hour, did I know of your imprisonment, or the fatal cause.

Sir *Tho.* If this be true.

Flo. If it be not let misery pursue me.

Sir *Tho.* Will you promise me not to marry him when I'm dead, for hang me, I suppose they will.

Flo. O do not name him, Death wou'd be a thousand times more welcome to me, than such a Husband.

Friend, So now I may go hang my self. [*Aside.*

Sir *Tho.* Well, on condition that all you have said is true, I do forgive thee, rise up and Heaven bless thee.

Friendly, Dear *Ned,* what shall I do.

Wood. Why, as thou saidst just now, hang thy self; for since thou canst not marry to cure thy passion, I know no other way.

Say. You will do well, Sir *Thomas,* for she has expresst her self a very dutiful Child.

Sir *Tho.* She has so, and I will reward her for it, here is a Deed of Gift of half my Estate, which I did once before design for her, but happening to fall in Love at that Juncture, and marrying I alterd my Resolution, here Sir,—

Say. Mr. Nonsuit;

Sir *Tho.* Come and witness this, the rest of my Estate I will settle upon my Wife, and let the Writings be drawn as soon as you can.

Friendly, Sir, they shall be ordered immediately.

Sir *Tho.* Sir, your hand too.

Wood. With all my heart; and heaving give a blessing to't.

Say. Amen.

Sir *Tho.* There I deliver this as my Act and Deed.

[*Delivers it to* Floria.

Friend.

Friend. So, I'm glad however I've seen this done for her! tho she has renounc'd me for ever. [*Aside.*

Sir *Tho.* I wish I cou'd have liv'd to a seen thee married; my death had been more supportable to me.

Flo. I wish so to Sir, for I'm young and know not how the subtilties of men may prevail, when you are gone that shou'd advise me: But for fear this *Friendly* shou'd attempt me again, to make me break the promise I have made you; I will this minute put it out of my power, and give my self to this Gentleman Mr. *Nonsuch*, if he'll please to accept of me.

Friend. Ha, accept of thee.

Flo. Nay,——you don't deserve me, for not letting me know your designs upon my Father, am I not fit to be trusted with my own welfare think ye.

Sir *Tho.* Oons!

Friend Forgive me Madam, and had I——

Flo. Nay, no Apology, I'm satisfi'd that I'm not obliig'd to your Plot for what I have, but my own.

Friend. By all that's sacred I will deserve thee, if it be in Love to reward this unexpected blessing, tell me you Powers, if there be any that knows a happiness like mine; how shall I express my Joy.

Sir *Tho.* Woons, what is all this?

Wood. O good Sir, forbear swearing; 'tis an hellow'd sound, and my ears can't bear it.

Sir *Tho.* Rot you and your ears, you Canonical Pimp. Confussion I'm cheated out of my Estate too, as well as my life.

Friend. No Sir I will take care your Estate shall be dispos'd of according to your Act and Deed; and you may live to now if you please, and enjoy your liberty.

Flo. Which you had never wanted (*Pardon me Sir*) had you given me mine.

Sir *Tho.* Patience give me Patience.

Say. Introth

Say. In troth, Neighbour,—'tis the beſt Remedy you can have; e'en make uſe of it, and let that ſeem your choice which is not now in your power to help.

Sir *Tho.* What wou'd you have me do? Wou'd you have me give her to him?

Say. Aye, and your Bleſſing too, or they'll be happy without it; an Eſtate is a good ſtep to it, and that you have given 'em already; and there few Children in this Age, that think their Parents can add any thing more.

Sir *Tho.* Come hither,—Take her, and make her—

Wood. Any thing but a Wife, or I forbid the Banes. [Woodvile *interpoſes.*

Sir *Tho.* You forbid the Banes.

Friend. What's the meaning of this?

Wood. Look'ee *Frank*, while the Jeſt wou'd bare, I was willing to carry it on;—But the Buſineſs grows now too much in earneſt; and the Welfare of my Friend obliges me to make bold with my Miſtreſs.

Friend. What ſay ye, your Miſtreſs?

Wood. Aye your Lady, and her Companion, were the two Masks that I told you I pick't up, and one of 'em, I thank her, did me the Favour to afford me her Company that Night, if it was *Flora* ſhe has ſomething very particular in her behaviour that makes her a very agreeable Bedfellow.

Friend. Thou dur'ſt not ſure ſay this to me in earneſt?

Wood. But I dare, Sir, if it be truth, as I'm ſure it is; tho', perhaps, you mayn't care to hear it.

Friend. By Heav'n thou ly'ſt, and did not her preſence make this place ſacred, thou ſhoud'ſt pay dear for this Blaſphemy.

Wood. Are you ſo hot? Follow me, and I'll find you a place to allay your fury in.

Friend. Follow thee——

Flor. Hold, you ſhall not go; What's the meaning of this?

Enter Lucia.

Luc. What's the matter?— [*As* Wood. *is going out.*

Enter Lady Testie *in a Mask, meeting him.*

Lady. With your leave, Sir.

Wood. Ha!

Lady. What are you surpriz'd to see me here?

Wood. Ay, I'gad, am I, more than ever I was in my Life.

Lady. Sir, 'tis hard to conceal wrongs, from a Jealous Mistress.

Wood. And 'tis harder for me to do you right, whilst you conceal your self.

Lady. Why did you not meet me, as you promis'd?

Wood. Meet you; S'bud I thought I had you here; but since I find I'm mistaken, pray, Madam, satisfie me, who you are? For if you remember, when you and I Bargain'd for a little Familiarity, I was to be under no obligation, till I had seen and lik'd you.

Lady. That you have done already, if you spoke truth; but since you are so apt to forget, refresh your Memory and look again; What are you Dumb? [*Pulls off her Mask.*

Wood. I shou'd be dumb, Madam, if— [Wood. *starts.*

Lady. If thou hadst nothing to say, but thou hast a Tongue can never want words to excuse thy Perjury, shou'd I stay to hear it; farewel, ungrateful Man. [*Exit.*

Wood. So, very well, what trick next; Fortune is pleased to be very merry with me to day, I find I have made a very pretty hand o' this matter;— Lost both my Mistresses, wrong'd a vertuous Lady, abus'd my Friend, and brought a Quarrel upon me, all in one quarter of an hour, Hark'ee, *Friendly*,——

Friend. Well, Sir.

Wood. 'Tis as thou say'st, I do lie; and prithee forgive me for it.

Friend.

Friend. 'Tis very well, Sir; —— But do you think this will satisfie me?

Wood. At present I hope it will; to Morrow thou shalt know more.

Friend. In the mean time then pray make some amends to the Lady.

Wood. I can only ask her pardon, what else is requisite do thou do for me, anon when the Curtains are drawn.

[Woodvile *goes to* Flora.

Friend. Fear not, Sir; you shan't be troubl'd with any Night-work of mine.

Sir *Tho.* That I shou'd have both my Eyes, and yet not see these pair of Counterfeit Knaves; well, 'tis not the first time that Whoremongers and Adulters have been cloak't with the Law and the Gospel.

Enter Lady Testie.

My Dear, art thou ventur'd hither too?

Lady. Ay, my Dear, to fetch thee home, hearing *Hob* was well and abroad, I cou'd no longer bear to have you here, since I have recover'd health enough to be happy with you at home.

Sir *Tho.* What say'st thou? —Health,—and be happy? —What do'st thou mean, ha! —— Shall I have thee in my Arms? And wil't thou be my Bride to Night?

Lady. I shall be what you please to have me.

Sir *Tho.* Why then let sorrow vanish, and a Fig for my Daughter, *Friendly*, take her, and do what thou will't with her.

Friend. I thank you, Sir; and to deserve this Kindness; if you get an Heir to Inherit your Estate, you shall have it again.

Sir *Tho.* Hum! Do you jeer an Old Man? Well, if I can't get an Heir, do you, I'm contented now, it shou'd be for my Grandson.

Friend. How now *Ned*, engaging afresh? If you purchase there, it must be for Life.

Wood. With all my heart; —— Madam, shall I have Possession upon that Condition?

Luc. I don't know what may be, after seven Years Acquaintance.

Friend. He'll be worn out in half that time, Madam, if you don't reclaim him.

Lady. Do you think it's possible, Sir, to reclaim him?

Friend. I hope so, Madam.

Lady. So do I, tho' I doubt it; Neice have a care of him.

Sir *Tho.* Let her take care of her self; her Father left her at my disposal, and if she Marries him, I won't give her a Groat.

Luc. Then, Sir, I suppose your Courtships at an end; for without that Charm, my Beauty, I fear, will have but little force.

Wood. Enough, Madam, to make me a Convert, if you dare put me to a Tryal —— (*Aside.*) —— I know not whether Infected by *Friendly*'s Example, or any conceal'd Mischief in this holy Covering, but I find my self of a sudden strangely enclin'd to do something to repent of, as well as the foolish part of Mankind.

Flo. I know she loves him, and if I thought he lov'd her, —— [*Aside to* Friendly.

Friend. You need not doubt it, if he Marries her, for nothing but Love can make him do such a Violence to himself. [*Aside to* Woodvil.] *Ned*, pursue your purpose, if 'tis honourable for such a Beauty, and eight thousand Pound, —— (if we can work the old fellow to consent) will be a better Fortune then any thou can'st hope for in *Flanders*.

Wood. If Love goes on as it begins, I shall be of thy Opinion *Frank*.

Sir *Tho.* Ask what thou wilt, my Dear, I will deny thee nothing; — for thou art every thing to me; — What wou'd I give now, that it were Bed time, Neighbour, ha —

Say. Not so much as your Lady wou'd give to have it Morning again; for we old Fellows, Sir *Thomas*, are but troublesome Companions between a pair of Sheets. Sir

Sir *Tho.* Say you so, Sir; you may be mistaken; what say'st thou my dear?

Lady. I hope so too, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* Ha! My little Rogue.

Lady. [*Aside.*] Why shou'd I be angry that he cannot love me? I wou'd not love him if I cou'd help it: Shall I then think that a Crime in another, I wou'd my self be guilty of; Alas, 'tis neither of our faults; for fate has decreed me wretched to make him happy, and this way it must be done; — Neice, to Day I am Sir *Thomas*, and your Fortune now you shall receive from my Gift, — take it, and dispose of it with your self, as you please.

Luc. Madam, I shou'd blush so to receive it, if I did not hope you wou'd command both it and me.

Lady. If I do, it shall be to bestow you here; — I know your Inclinations.

Wood. Madam, this generous Act has —

Lady. (*Aside.*) Deserv'd better usage than you have treated me with; but *I* forgive you, and hope *I* shall forget you too.

Wood. Never, Madam; for tho' I cannot as a Lover, as a Friend *I'll* hope to deserve a place in your Memory.

Lady. A Friend! A cold distinction for a heart like mine, unless it cou'd degenerate, and be as yours has been to me; however be happy, and if *I* have contributed any thing to make you so, 'twill please me that *I* had it in my Power.

Sir *Tho.* That both these young Jades shou'd get the better of me!

Friend. Aye, and you may thank Heav'n for't, or we had hang'd you; for *Hob*'s Life depended upon your good Behaviour; and had you been still refractory, we had knock't out his Brains and you shou'd a Swung for't.

Sir *Tho.* A very Christian-like Contrivance.

Wood. 'Twas such as wou'd a serv'd our turns, Sir.

Enter

Enter Jaylor and Hob.

Jayl. There's Master *Friendly*.

Hob. God bless you, Sir.

Friend. O, honest *Hob*!

Sir *Tho.* What, durst that Rogue venture hither? Give me my Sword, I'll have a Collop of him I'm resolv'd.

Hob. Will you? —— As I hope to be sav'd —— Master *Friendly* —— For the Lord sake do'nt let e'n draw his Sword upon me agen, pray now don't.

Friend. No, no, prithee don't fright thy self; — Good Sir, let me intreat for him,

Hob. Don't ye thirst after Blood so, don't ye; — You have enough of mine to answer for already.

Sir *Tho.* What brought him here?

Hob. Brought me here? —— Why look'ee, Sir, I am through Providence here a going to be Marry'd to *Mary*; and I don't know how it may please God to deal with me; therefore I desire before *I* go to Church, that *I* may be at Peace with all the World; forgive me, and *I'll* forgive you.

Wood. Poor fellow, he's the first *I* ever knew in his Condition that seem'd to have a sence of it.

Sir *Tho.* Well, since you will have it so, let him give us a Dance, and *I* will be Friends with him.

Flo. And the Farm next his Father's, for his Life shall be his, if he makes a good Husband; — 'Tis in my Gift yet, Sir. [*To* Friendly.

Friend. And shall be ever so, Madam; and to show *I'm* pleas'd with your Bounty, *I* will stock it for him.

Hob. O Lord, Sirrah, strike up *Scratch* —

Flo. And *I'll* make one.

Wood. Nay then we'll all joyn. [*Dance.*

Enter Country People with a Fidler Playing before 'em.

Hey-day! What's here the Country come in upon us?

Sir

Sir *Tho.* So much for Dancing, now, my Dear, let's Home; for since this proves not a Tenement for Life, *I* don't care how soon *I* get hence.

Flo. And where shall we go? [*To Friendly.*

Friend. To Church, Madam, and then —

Flo. E'en where you please;

Marriage makes us yours, but remember still
To keep us so, Women must have their Will;
For by restraining us, you'll only prove
There's no Obedience, where there's not Love.

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